

Incel Inspects Insular

by Jan Deichmohle

Dear readers! Decide for yourselves what this book should be titled:

- * Invariably Incel
- * Incel Forever
- * The Eternal Incel
- * Incel Inspects Insular
- * Anyway, I don't read incel books!

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Impressum

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***Incel*troduction**

Natter. Lall. Gossip.

You don't believe me after all, because the subject is so taboo that nobody wants to know about it in our topsy-turvy era.

Chatter. Babble. Blah.



My time will come when the fisherman gets up and leaves

Invariably Incel – Werdandi

How does an incel start a travel diary? A rhetorical question. With a description of his rejections by girls, of course. But hang in there, soon there will be beautiful holiday pictures to look at, relaxation and holiday life, a thin layer of beautiful make-up over the everyday life of rejected approachers.



3.10.2022

«Hello A■,

For half a century I've been turned down by girls whenever I've tried. So I don't know how to do it, as I don't know of any example of how to succeed. No amount of clever, even witty conversation changes the fact of being sexually excluded from the courtship competition from the first fraction of a second, by incomprehensible standards. I've written umpteen books about it, but society doesn't give a shit about male losers. They are despised and books about them are not even read. Nobody wants to know about it.» (message to coach A■)

I've watched thousands of videos on pickup, approached as many girls as the most experienced pickup instructors, yet got exactly 0 results from it. I paid the A a lot of money for a two-week 'immersion bootcamp', but the guy didn't equip me with a radio microphone and took 10 of the 14 days to realise I was boring girls. I'm just too logical.



Currently I'm in Las Palmas of Gran Canaria. Everything should be much easier on holiday because women are relaxed, not averse to a vacation adventure and a male tourist is at least part of the group as a traveller. People tend to assume that they have common interests and are not exactly classed as losers.

Result as it has been for decades: 0

I am thin. There's nothing I can do about it. In the meantime, I've grown old, although I'm fit, can act young and do a lot of things that young people do, like hanging out at festivals, where I enjoy a fabulous fame for my readings from my books. But even that kind of reputation does absolutely nothing for me sexually.



I don't know what's going on. Beach promenade. All the girls (18 – 30) say at most “Thank you” to my compliment, but quickly walk on, look away, don't hear anything else I say.

Thank you. Gone.

Thank you. Gone.

Thank you. Gone.

Thank you. Gone.

Thank you. Away.

I make an effort to stand up straight – I used to slouch to reduce the distance to the smaller girls. I keep my distance and don't move towards women without invitation – I used to intuitively move too close most of the time because my voice was too quiet, shy and high-pitched to be heard at a distance. My voice has become stronger and I endeavour to speak from my gut feeling by imagining the girl.

Despite all this, nothing works. Some also walked on without reacting, although I had previously signalled with a hand gesture to stop or to listen to my opening, as TNL (“The Natural Lifestyle”) teaches, but carefully to the side at a distance, perhaps too far. One of them demonstratively looked away. It has also happened at home that

some of them twist their mouths into a crooked snout or make other disapproving facial expressions.

One girl even shouted “WVHHAATT?” when I told her “You look chic” in English.

-“Do you speak German? English?”

-“NO”, with which she hurried away.



The only ones who talked to me were initially middle-aged women, whom I wasn't looking for. On the other hand, rejections from such women are often more severe if they have a family. One woman seemed even delighted:

-“So good that we met.”

-“Do you have WhatsApp?”

-“Yes”

-“I'm Jan. What's your name?”

-“I'll send you that as a message. I want to go shopping now.”

-“Let's meet later, in an hour, at the sandcastle.”

-“Yes, we'll do that. At 4 o'clock in front of the sandcastle.”



As usual, nothing came of it. I waited from 10 to 4 until half past four. Despite the pick-up, this was only my second "date" in living memory; that was all I had. Nothing came of the first one either.

I can't know whether I'm doing something wrong, seem embarrassing ("creepy"), or am simply too old, or whether the beach promenade is infamous for having too many men and there are far too few girls here who have been approached so often that they see it as an unwanted disturbance that they absolutely want to avoid. Maybe that's why I'm treated meanly, or maybe a skinny herring who bends down a little towards chicks is considered an imposition by girls who are used to muscular, athletic suitors.

A second middle-aged woman wanted to send me a message, but didn't. A third came from the Ukraine, suffers from the trauma of the bombs and doesn't want to get to know anyone. She rejected my philosophy of "making the best of everything, developing yourself is helpful" with a pain-filled face.

-“I have to get back to my workout.”

-“We can see each other another time and have a chat over a drink.”

She declined and hurried on.



Because of several crashes to total failures due to the Covid crash (aviation stocks) and the Ukraine war crash, I can no longer afford expensive boot camps, but I am an experienced writer, photographer who has also made photo books, and have already shot infields for a coach who unfortunately has no time at the moment due to the situation. Perhaps something could be done to our mutual advantage. I offer good co-operation for start-up help. Basically, I consider myself a ‘natural’, a very natural person who actually has good and profound conversations when I don't get blown out immediately, but unfortunately too logical ones that don't bring any results. With a little good experience I could make a quantum leap, I hope.

No reply from A█ to the above e-mail either!

Still 3.10. At the far end of the beach, a blonde woman was lying topless next to her surfboard on a towel. I dared to approach her, went

over, stood bolt upright at a distance, as I had learnt and seen on videos.

-“You look like a great day of surfing.”



Yesterday, on 2 October, I saw a young woman in a black beach suit with some colourful flowers on it, who came towards me, but I was too surprised and struggled for words, trying nothing. There are rarely any young, beautiful girls – mostly families, older women or local girls are out and about here, who often speak hardly any English and no German. Some turned me away because of the language barrier.

-“You have beautiful summer flowers on your dress.”

-“I hardly speak English.”

-“It sounds very good, almost accent-free.”

-“Ich spreche keine Deutsch.” (“I don’t speak German.”)

-“You’ve just said a proper German sentence. If we practise it, you’ll get into it quickly.”

But she was gone. The language barrier was brought up because I’m sexually uninteresting, too old, too thin, too inexperienced, too unfashionable, nothing at all that girls find attractive.



The woman on the bath towel even replied in agreement.

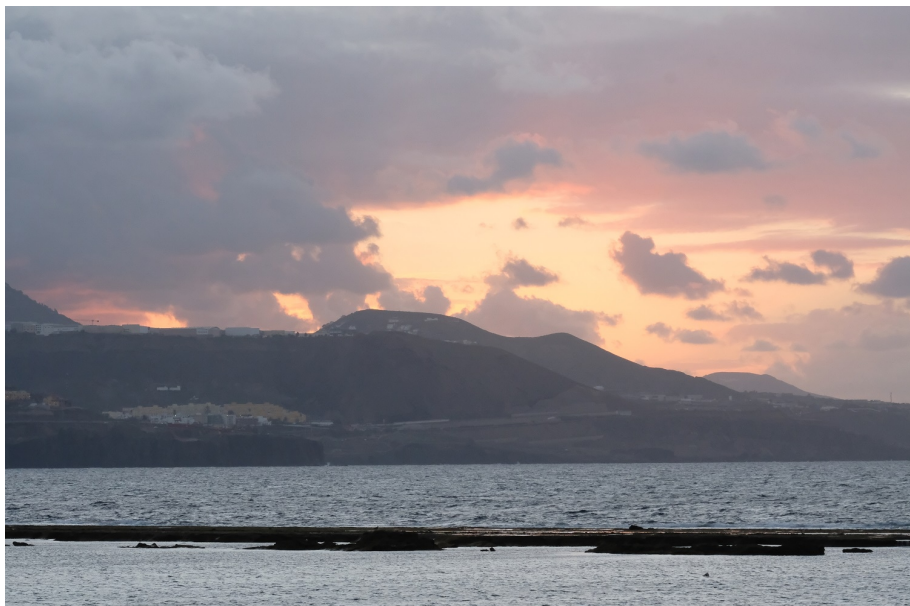
-“I surf the waves of life too, up and down,” I added. Her answer was brief; I’ve forgotten it.

“What moves you in life when you’re not surfing on the beach?”

She did briefly say what she does, but then pulled out the trump card of barely knowing English. I had looked her in the eye, or sideways at her surfboard or the waves on the shore, but not at her bare breasts in the golden glow of the sun.

4.3.2022

Today I started at the very back, perhaps to meet the very fat girl with the red-coloured hair from yesterday, who had also flaked out on me by messaging too late. Today she played the trump card “I’m flying tomorrow so I’m busy today.”. Yesterday she had said goodbye to me with two thumbs up from the bench on which her abundance was sitting, watching the sunset and taking photos.



The method taught by many flirting instructors of stopping girls on the street doesn't work for me at all. Even if I do a lot of things right, my posture, movements and voice are re-learned and usually fit, except in moments of weakness, I am immediately rejected on the spot. I've never had a chance, I was too thin, too lanky, too shy, too inexperienced and therefore too clumsy. Today I've become too old on top of all the defeats. YouTube training programmes such as TNL (The Natural Lifestyle) may be somewhat successful for reasonably young, reasonably handsome and reasonably muscular men, and even more so for beautiful and fashionable ones. But for me and many other incels, it doesn't work. I am rejected at first sight. That's why the beach promenade is just as unsuitable for me as the direct method. The best I can do is break through the wall indirectly via a social approach and strike up a conversation.



The one from yesterday wasn't there. Instead, a long girl with golden-brown coloured hair and her surfboard under her arm ran ahead of me. I caught up with her at the beach, just before the first waves.

-“You look like the start of a beautiful day of surfing,” I varied my spontaneous quote from yesterday. I like to do that: although my ideas now flow more frequently, sometimes a girl I suddenly discover takes me by surprise, who I classify as beautiful and doesn't exactly walk along with a daunting expression on her face. Young, beautiful and experienced flirting instructors also like to score with beautiful girls who have a stressful, forbidding expression on their faces; I'd go off the rails if I tried.

-“Yes,” she replied.

I tried to praise her dark blonde to light brown hair, but I got tangled up in the English word for ‘chestnut-coloured’. It made me look insecure, which is off-putting to women.

-“Are you from the north of Spain?”

-“I don't understand.”

-“Norte de España?” I mangled.

- “Valencia”
- “La Sagrada Família”
- “That's in Barcelona.”
- “Oh, sorry. I got that mixed up.”



In the stress and eagerness, several things went wrong at the same time. Firstly, a man must appear uninvolved, otherwise he is categorised as eager or even needy. Both are off-putting. Secondly, a man must stand by what he does, not apologise without a real reason. That was beta, scares women off. Thirdly, out of insecurity,

my voice became high and beta again, which alone is enough to kill

any attraction to women, but especially to Latinas, who are used to loud, sometimes noisy men with coarser, deeper or even more aggressive voices than we effeminate affluent betas already are on average, but I am even more so than others here. So again, I didn't stand a chance. Although she spoke English with little accent, she again played the trump card "I don't understand so well". Mind couldn't overcome that anymore.

-“With your light-coloured hair, perhaps you're descended from the Visigoths or the Ibero-Celts.”

When she looked puzzled, not agreeing, -“Who knows?” I added:

-“There were many tribes in ancient Spain, including the Iberians.”

But she saw me off with her trump card. Don't you know the top trump card? -“I have a boyfriend / husband.”



Well, I won't succeed today either. I've never managed anything like this before. Why should I be able to do in my old age what I couldn't do in my youth? Society has no empathy, however tiny, for native male losers who are despised and have no voice. Not even realistic observation is allowed. When I document how spiteful rejec-

tions and posturing are often from girls and young women who experience a flight of fancy because many men from everywhere and of all ages are interested in them, therefore wielding total power of choice, and cutting men like me mean with indignation because they think themselves far above me as their market value seems so much higher than mine, this true observation of a very anti-male real circumstance suffered daily is ignored and slandered as ‘misogynistic’. Thus an invented, ideological view of the sexual rulers and their society once again triumphs over the unfairly rejected male losers and even over everything they have to say. No matter how true it may be, it must not be uttered; nobody wants to know.



Worse still, this feminist generation, with its fad for open borders, has created circumstances that will lead to the extinction of the white, male losers who have been fought against and insulted since 1968. Once again, any mention of the facts is ironcladly suppressed and stigmatised, this time with the ‘racism hammer’.



It's even worse on the Canary Islands than anywhere else. All along the beach promenade, as long and curved as it is, there is no place where there are not several groups of half a dozen or more African men standing, sitting, especially on the white shore benches, standing at a distance, or on steps, or walking around, often several such groups in a row. There are also individual Africans walking around or standing at the railing as observers, like the one in front of me now. New ones arrive every day, because it's worth it. Being here is rewarded handsomely. All these men form a huge surplus of men. This now replaces white male losers like me once again in fertile women, propagates African, Oriental, Asian or otherwise foreign male lines in Europe, whereas those of our own losers, poets and thinkers like me, die out like the Y chromosomes of the Neanderthals, who also only survived in the female line with a very small proportion of our DNA. Later, the male lines of the western hunter-gatherers and then the early farmers died out. Mass migration means the demise and extinction of indigenous males within centuries or millennia. Therefore, only a cruel feminist society can commit such mischief as to invite migration. For indigenous men, this means genetic extinction – they have lived

and worked for nothing, they have been cheated out of a permanent continuation of life in biological children similar to themselves.



Instead of society complaining about the extinction of its own men and doing something about it, it accelerates this by every conceivable means and bludgeons any protest against it with ideological battle phrases such as ‘racism’ and ‘misogynistic’.

My shyness, inexperience and clumsiness are now compounded by the fact that my every move is watched by men who have just arrived from Africa, sometimes even dozens of them. But I don't want to incite them to flirt the girls away from us. I'm already seeing a lot of mixed couples here too, sometimes with prams like in Berlin. He black, she white, child, later often many children. He white, no fertile native girl, no child. Europe will belong to his children. No white girl will bear me children. I will die out. But our deluded contemporaries, who have lost their way worse than our grandfathers, who at least had an unconscious hunch that terrible nuisances are imminent here if this is not curbed, do not think that far ahead.



In front of me, I saw a young woman with medium-light hair, i.e. neither blonde nor black, reading on her towel. An African bent down above us and watched the goings-on. No, I don't want to set him a flirting example! I already suspect that I will be rebuffed, he will imitate me and be successful, the way our women are. Soon there will be prams again, but it won't be my child in them, but his chocolate child of a white mother. Oh, screw it! I've already missed several attempts to approach here because I felt I was being watched by groups of Africans. I have to fight to make it somehow anyway, can't afford to miss out just because I feel watched. Flirt masters teach us that the feeling of being watched has to be overcome. A strong man doesn't care whether others are watching. Let them look! Well, that's true on the one hand. But the danger of teaching them is just as real.



So I overcame my concerns and headed over to her.

-“It's nice, reading on the beach.”

-“Yes, it's nice.”

-“Do you work at the university or are you studying something?”

-“No, I'm a nurse.”

-“That's good. It's always needed. I write books.”

-“That's something creative.”

-“Where are you from?”

-“From here.”

I tried to keep the conversation going, kept asking if she had moved here or was from here, but it was no use, our talk fizzled out. Her interest was minimal. I hadn't aroused any interest in me as a man. The man-woman dimension was missing. She wished me a nice afternoon as a friendly rebuff and invitation to leave.



As soon as I had walked on, the African standing at the observation post came down the next flight of stairs. I stopped on a cliff by the water and watched. He went over to a neighbour and spoke to her for a long time in a loud, strong voice which mine would have been a soft whisper next to. She responded by gesticulating, so she was emotionally involved and much more open than the woman next to me. The difference couldn't be starker. Completely different lanes. He stood upright and looked. She seemed to have just become his girlfriend or had been before. I have no way of knowing. However, the timing of him going down exactly after I left suggested that my intuitive fears had been realised. But even if not in this case – the Africans remember the behaviour and will – if not today then later – woo women just as successfully as I am unsuccessfully trying to do today.



In addition to many families with children, older couples, older women who were no longer fertile, beautiful girls or young women of suitable age occasionally walked along the promenade. But often the dreamy poet and thinker was just thinking, imagining what it would be like if a girl went with him, or what he wanted to write about it after his return, and then she and his chance with her were gone.

You can't hesitate, you have to be determined, otherwise it fails because it looks embarrassing (“creepy”). But I no longer dare to be direct. “Hey” and then a compliment doesn't work for me on the promenade. Waving and stopping her doesn't work for me either. A handsome young flirt master might do that. Would I try that, I'd be labelled a harasser. To make matters worse, I'm also stared at by dozens of single African newcomers in the land of social plenty. It's hell here, created by the feminist society, a torment for local men.



Some girls walked on without even noticing my approach. One at least smiled when I called her outfit elegant with her patterned trousers. She was from here, said what she did for a living, but pointed ahead – she had to go there now to meet friends.

-“We’ll keep chatting when you’re not hanging out with friends.”

-“Yes, we’ll do that,” she replied politely and walked away when I tried to ask her about WhatsApp because we wouldn’t be seeing each other again without an appointment.

That was unusual, the only conversation, albeit brief, that I remember having when we stopped on the promenade. I hope that this will not now be imitated with better success by 24 newcomers to the land of milk and honey who are smuggled in from Africa instead of being ‘rescued’ into their homeland. Otherwise, the best I can manage is an indirect introduction via a normal conversation, but not an open flirtation.



Three girls with light-coloured hair were sitting on a bench, not necessarily blonde, but in a northerner's native frame. At first I didn't dare. I couldn't do it with just one girl. And then a group of three? I had already walked a few metres past. That's usually the end of the line. When girls sense weakness or insecurity, they immediately assume bad intentions. Shyness is punished with rejection. Perhaps generations ago, before Western culture collapsed, there were sensitive girls who understood boys from their own culture, felt shyness and could empathise with it, because shyness back then was seen as a sign of good manners and decency, not as unmanly and a sign of failure as it is today.

I remember how, shortly after Franco, I was asked “¿Dónde está tu novia?” (“Where's your girlfriend?”) in Spain. Back then, old men couldn't imagine that I didn't have one and couldn't find one. Now comes a typical saying from my parents' generation, which I loathed back then but now recognise as true: “Not everything was worse.” No, today's world has become worse when it comes to girls; however, our culture had already been weakening since the ‘saddle period’ and the

French Revolution; its remnants began to break down completely with the first feminist wave. Any empathy for domestic men, especially male losers, has perished. Never before have white, heterosexual men been as oppressed as they are today.



But today I was lucky in my misfortune. The three girls were sitting with their backs to me, looking out to sea. So they hadn't noticed how I had already walked past and then turned round. I casually approached their bench from the side:

-“You seem to be chilling out in the sun.”

-“Yes”

-“Do you know where a rave, a goa or a festival is?”

-“There are usually a lot of them here, but at the moment they're all on holiday.”

The introduction was spot on. I know this type of girl, it overlaps with my life experiences. Among others on the promenade, I am faced with a world that is still foreign to me. I enquired that she was here on the Erasmus programme.

-“Ah, the exchange programme during your studies. What else do you do?”

-“I like making music and surfing.”

-“You've chosen the right place for your Erasmus programme.”

-“Yes, definitely.”



-“I also do something creative, like you, but not music. Guess what.”

-“I don't know.”

-“I write books.”

-“Fine.”

-“What kind of music do you listen to?”

-“Indi / independent. A lot”

-“I have a range from baroque music to rave / psy-trance.”

-“So everything.”

-“Not everything. I can't do anything with rap yet.”

-“Maybe that will come.”

-“Maybe. I only got into goa and rave by chance.”



I then told the story of how I went along to a goa at the jazz festival in Moers because a group of young people related that my festival wristband would also be valid for it. In between, two Spaniards came up to the group of girls and gave me a fist salute, which I did. You have to be social, otherwise you lose with girls. But after their conversation in Spanish, they moved on. So I was able to continue my conversation. I rarely managed that. Most of the time, other men with women bowled me out. They push me away and then I no longer have a chance. But here I was unfortunately on the social track anyway. Yet at least I made her laugh. Finally a more relaxed tone. That alone doesn't create sexual attraction, but it's a prerequisite.

–“I'm often at Goa festivals now because my book ‘Life as a Journey’ fits in well with it. It's about the development of the psychedelic scene from the 1960s to the present day.”



I don't know if that worked for her. She said yes to having WhatsApp. For cost reasons, I left my mobile phone in flight mode and didn't even plug it in because my photo pocket was full and my trouser pocket was too small.

-“Do you have WhatsApp? I can't find you.”

We had to add a number that she had forgotten. I asked where a good place to hang out in the evening was.

-“There are lots of pubs in Catalina Park.”

-“And what do you do? Let me know if you're doing anything and I'll be happy to come along.”

-“We want to get going now. We're working over there.”

She pointed straight ahead.

-“Let me know what you're doing later.”

-“I'll definitely write to you if I hear from a Goa.”

End of conversation. The way it went, I'll never hear from her, or when I'm long gone from the island, but I won't get a date or an evening out with her friends.



Now my star began to sink even further. A couple of very pretty girls walked past while I was lost in thought or had no idea what to say. Unfortunately, I can't afford the usual pick-up phrases like 'I think you're attractive/cute', especially as I'm an old geezer, shy, thin and inexperienced. There were often large groups of Africans sitting or standing in the background, looking closely at what the white men and women were doing. It would increase our misery if they succeeded in doing what we couldn't do ourselves. So I moved to the beach.

I took off my shirt to get a little tan. The downside is that everything gets sandy, including my camera bag. When the very expensive lenses crunch, the fun is over! On the left I saw a presumably beautiful blonde lying there. Should I go there? A young Youtuber showed this a week ago. But he's young, good-looking and Latino. He was even able to brazenly lie down next to three girls, then speak to them and even get their phone number. If I try that, they'll probably call the police. Remember: a handsome, attractive man can do a lot. If an undesirable man who displeases women tries exactly the same thing, he will be indignantly punished. It is not only women who are unaware of the

injustice of female feelings and moralising interpretations, but society as a whole.



Now the blonde started to get dressed. From a distance, I couldn't quite tell her age or how beautiful she was. I got dressed too and followed her at a distance of thirty metres, but took a different route, further away from the water so as not to be noticed, and caught up with her.

-“I like your style,” I began in English. But she was already swerving to the side, looking away -“No! No!”.

Incidentally, she was younger and more beautiful than my wildest expectations, probably in her early 20s. In other words, she looked like every man's dream. She is so high on the scale of desirability that she doesn't want to talk to an incel like me under any circumstances; she finds it an outrageous imposition that a man like me should stand next to her and even speak to her, because she believes she is entitled to the right that princes from other stars alone are allowed to speak to her. The fate of poets and thinkers, who are swept into the gutter like rubbish, is of no concern to anyone in this empathy-impaired feminist society.



I sat down somewhere else, took off my shirt so that not only my legs, exposed by my shorts, but also my upper body could tan in the sun. Two girls jumped out of the water and walked past. I heard them talking in German.

-“Where are you from? You speak German too!” I called after them and they actually turned into a social conversation, but addressed me as ‘Sie’. Nowadays, only old people who are sexually beyond the pale are addressed as ‘Sie’. We had a brief, pleasant conversation, which of course remained purely social. I couldn't get her out of the habit of using ‘Sie’ either. She was the one with the light-coloured hair, bare-breasted, and held her hands on her legs, one just to the left, the other just to the right of her pubis, flat on the base of her leg. What this is supposed to express, consciously or unconsciously, is beyond my comprehension. I'm just not very experienced in sexual matters. In any case, they moved on quickly, after such formal politeness and formality that I gave up trying to get into the desired waters with them, or even to enter the harbour that their two hands had formed.



On the other side lay a girl, also bare-breasted, who had shaved the left and right sides of her skull like a punk. She only had long, girly hair in the centre. It's not my style, I prefer soft girls to a punky grater, but I can't choose, and loosely based on the comedian Karl Valentin «She's like a stockfish, but she does it!» I decided to give her a try. If the bourgeois girls are too good for me, maybe I can learn how to seduce and fuck girls from a rough punk. First she went into the water. When she returned, I picked up my things, put them on, knocked the thickest swathes of sand off my camera bag (The poor lenses! Scroop!), and went over.

-“You could go to any festival with your outfit!”

-“Thank you”

-“You're wearing a tattoo. An eye? No, there's a spiral on the side. What does the tattoo mean?”

-“It's private. O.K.?!”

That's when I had my brush-off. But the other one, loosely based on -“You're attractive” -“No! No!” was actually more hurtful and at the same time funnier.



No message from L■■■■a, the Erasmus student with French female friends and Spanish social friends. Unfortunately, I don't have her phone number. Flirting teachers demand sexualisation; I hadn't even got that far, but was glad that she talked to me for so long, that she thawed out and finally laughed, that I had arrived in her world, away from the formality. But without sexual sizzle, girls lose interest, they say.

I went back to the room alone. On the way back, I tried the beach one last time. After a short rest in the sand (ripple graunch camera), I ventured over to a girl who was reading a book, which unfortunately turned out to be just a brochure.

-“Oh, nice to read on the beach! I like it when people read books.”

-“This is more of a manual. Look, there are pictures. I do physiotherapy.”

-“I've also written a book with even more pictures.”

-“Cool”

So we were chatting away when her friend came over and said hello. BL like bad luck. He was friendly and relaxed. I said goodbye with the words:



–“An awesome evening mood in the water” with a glance at the blue-grey colouring.

And so the day ends. Instead of working the late shift at the hard labour of flirting as incel and beginner, the evening passed with writing down the events.

Relapse
3.10.2022

The two actions that resulted in a phone number: First, I had walked along the beach. Compliments usually went unheard or

with a “thank you” as she walked away. A woman, no longer a girl, was walking in front of me in a green bathing suit with a blue-green tattoo just above her panties. After a while, I caught up with her and stepped next to her, slightly in front of her, so that she could see me – as required by flirting theory.



-“Your bathing suit and your tattoo match in colour.”

-“Thank you”

A day and a half later, I've forgotten the wording of the next sentences. Something like this: -“You're also taking a holiday from the autumn and winter weather back home.” -“Yes, that's just right.” -“Two dunces, one thought”

She was a middle-aged woman, not slim, with full breasts.

-“I'm from Scotland.”

-“I've been to Edinburgh, the Lake District and London.”

-“It's nice there in Edinburgh.”

-“Are you from there?”

-“No, further north, from the Highlands.”

-“Oh, a Highlander. There can only be one.”

-“It's cold there.”

-“Yes, like in Scandinavia.”



I explained how a fruit, lakka in Finnish, cloudberry in Swedish, only grow at the same latitude in Finland, Sweden and Scotland. She asked what kind of fruit it was. I described it as having a lot of vitamin C, being slightly sour and making a very good jam. In the meantime, she had become trusting. I tapped her on the arm several times.

-“I like travelling.”

-“Me too.”

-“That's why I wrote a book called ‘Life as a journey’.”

She found that interesting.

-“Travelling, like life, is a perpetual stream on which you let yourself drift, towards new shores, to develop further.”



Despite such rather philosophical tones, there seemed to be a sensual crackle, as it should be with girls when it sparks with me, but doesn't because they are too demanding.

-“We should meet up and continue chatting over a drink.”

-“It's so good meeting you.”

-“Yes, it's awesome meeting you. When are you free later?”

I looked her in the eye and imagined her under her clothes, my voice becoming deeper and more sensual. In contrast to the way I spoke to her when I was weak, when my voice was probably dull and high-pitched, my voice was right. I also tapped my fingers on her arm several times, which she seemed to enjoy.

She was talking about travelling, a road trip through England.”

-“Have you already done it or planned it?”

-“I've already done it, with a Beetle.”

I talked about some of my books about travelling, countries and life. She seemed fascinated.

I told her about being from the North Sea coast.

-“We used to have a ferry straight to England. Nowadays, people usually drive through the tunnel or fly.”

-“Like me. I like flying, unfortunately I'm going home again tomorrow, I'm travelling a lot and will probably be back on an island in January.”



-“Send me a message when you're going where. I'm thinking of travelling to either Madeira or Tenerife.”

She agreed and that she was looking forward to it. Now she had to go shopping. We were to meet in front of the sandcastle at four o'clock.

-“At 4 o'clock at the sandcastle.”

She repeated. We said goodbye. I then waited in vain for her from 3.50 to 4.30. Déjà vu.

The second time, I had gone to a fat woman on a bench at the top of the promenade after seeing her from down on the beach taking in the setting sun.

-“You seem to have taken some nice pictures of the sunset.”

-“Yes, I did.”



-“I also take pictures and write.”

She liked that. I added:

-“Your hair is red. It goes well with the sunset.”

-“You have a nice moustache.”

We talked about travelling.

-“Life is a journey.”

-“Right. I think so too. I even live in a camper van.”

-“Others in cities like Berlin live in a boat.”

-“I work at the airport.”

-“That's perfect for travelling!”

-“Yes, I'm often here. Whenever I've saved up some money, I go travelling. I was here for four days, but I extended it by two. Actually, I should have flown home yesterday.”

She comes from the north of England, halfway between the Lake District and Scotland. I also told her about my visits to the UK.

-“You have beautiful coloured tattoos.”

-“Thank you”

-“Oh, a fairy with a flower in her hair.”

-“That's a mermaid.”

-“That's perfect for an island holiday.”

-“Yes, indeed!”

-“If you feel like it, you can swap places with the mermaid in Copenhagen.”



She agreed. I tapped her tattoo with my finger.

-“It wasn't you when I was in Copenhagen, though, because she didn't have red hair.”

She laughed.

“And what kind of tattoo is that?” I put my finger on her arm again.

She explained.

-“You're wearing a colourful bird too.”

But instead of an answer, she asked me:

-“Have you been swimming?”



-“Not yet. I’ve just arrived. You can give me tips on where to go or where to go out.”

-“There’s a lot to see underwater here in some places. I saw a jellyfish the other day.”

-“Yes, it’s a shame I don’t have an underwater camera. Otherwise I’d love to take pictures there.”

-“I’ll get some snorkels tomorrow when the water is calm. It wasn’t good today, you can’t see much. I have a good view from the balcony. If I see

it’s calm, I’ll come here with snorkelling gear.”

-“I’ve got my camera with me. You should show me your good view.”

No response.

-“Do you have time later? We can continue the conversation, have a drink, or you can show me the nightlife here.”

-“Friends of mine are coming round later and want to do something with me.”

-“Before or after. Do you have WhatsApp?”

I gave her my number. But nothing came of it.

5.10.2022

Things have been getting even worse every day since the third of October.



Yesterday I caught up on events, didn't go to sleep until late at night, woke up late, improved #book scripts and uploaded them. In my haste, I bumped my leg bloody on the pointed wooden corner of my bed as I rushed to get my glasses, which I didn't need before but now add to the stress. It wasn't until a quarter to three that my main job began: approaching to finally make the breakthrough.

On the promenade, half lost in thought, I saw a girl coming along and passing by. She was not particularly beautiful, but of Central European type with a mild, dreamy gaze that I found sweet and gir-

lish, like a spiritual sister to my poetic soul. It is usually said in an uprooted society that men have to be strong and tougher. But in a traditional culture there are men who, as artists, are more sentient than any girl, no matter how sensitive she is. I am such a man. That's why neither today's girls nor men understand me.



Such a girl seems sweet to me, could perhaps understand me and my concerns, establish a girl-man polarity with me. What can I say? The classic doubt made me hesitate for the one second I had. Gone. She's gone. Unfortunately.

What should I have said, I thought to myself as I walked on. Yes, exactly, say what I had just written down – or at least the more harmless parts. A little later, a girl in white walked past, holding her mobile phone in her hand, that magic tool of modernity that transforms talkative people into a cult of lost individuals. She was clearly under the spell of her machine as she walked along the promenade.



“

-“You look friendly,” I said to her, “but your smile could be hiding dark thoughts.”

She didn't have a strong accent, but she didn't understand me well. Only after repeating it several times (we spoke English) did she comprehend my ‘thought’. This lack of grasp had already degraded our conversation from a casual attempt at flirting to an arduous struggle to find sentences in a foreign language.

-“Where are you from?”

-“Poland.”

Next mistake: boring. At least I should have swapped names, and with that a bit of acquaintance, then escalated further than awkwardly swapping countries of origin. It's more likely to break something in the process; any pitfalls can snap.



I should have spoken to the previous girl like this: “You seem sweet and dreamy with your smile, but I don’t know what dark or cheeky thoughts could be hiding behind it.” Woulda, coulda, shoulda. Hindsight is always twenty-twenty. I’ve missed it again.

On the beach, I finally dared to take off my shirt, even though I’m thinner than an asparagus, girls and women unfortunately like physically strong

men instead of mentally strong ones, although my intellectual strength doesn’t count anyway because it’s ‘politically incorrect’ and therefore counts for another, particularly serious flaw. A girl, beautiful as far as I could tell from a distance and not a crotchety old woman beyond the most fertile age, stood up and pulled her bra and blouse over her previously bare chest. She slipped away, and although I stood up myself, she vanished from my sight.



I said to a woman lying alone on her bath towel:

-“You look very colourful with your tattoos, like a walking art exhibition.”

-“Thank you.” she replied and fell silent. She looked away. I stood bolt upright and at a distance, as I had learnt from flirting teachers in the meantime, but didn't leave yet and was about to ask her another question, even though she was looking away. A

man who was lying on his towel several metres away intervened. He shouted something to her in a loud, deep voice and spoke in Spanish, to which she replied in a similarly lively manner. Either it was her boyfriend, which I hadn't realised – embarrassing! Or it was a stranger who helped to chase away the ‘annoying approacher’ and questioner – just as embarrassing! Leastwise I had approached a woman topless for the first time without feeling weak and without a chance. Anyhow the setback was a small step ahead.



After walking around the embankment, I waited on a flat rock that stood out in colour. In the black basalt lava there were round erosions that had been rubbed out by small pebbles moved by the strong incoming tide. The next woman, still reasonably young before wrinkles and menopause, wore a brown blouse, like the presumed red-dish-brown sandstone, flatter and more crumbly than the heavy black rock next

door. I waited on the hilly sandstone.

-“Your blouse is ochre like the rock,” I said in English. She didn't apprehend. It took several repetitions before she digged it. I couldn't find any reason to ask her name, like a common ground.



“I don't recognise your accent. Where are you from?”

-“France.”

-“Aux midi de la France?” I tried to smatter French.

-“From the north.”“

-“Lille?”

-“Yes, from Lille.”

I don't know if it was true or if she wanted to get rid of me.

-“I read a novel about the island of Ouessant in the summer.”

-“???”

-“It's the most north-westerly inhabited island in France, off the coast of Brittany.”

Again she didn't understand. I had to repeat several times, whereby I got into stuttering. Even an eloquent and stage-tested poet is driven to the point of stuttering by women who simply don't want to understand him. That was the end of the story.



-“Have a nice afternoon.”

I was probably more relieved than she was that this torment of a conversation stalled by incomprehension was over.

Now I rounded an embankment. New field of vision. A dark-blond woman stood bare-breasted under the cold water shower, where you can rinse off the sand when you leave the beach if you're not wearing stockings and low shoes like me. While I pondered whether

I could approach her or whether that would be too bold, she put on a black and white dress with a fine pattern. Is that good for an indirect approach? At least it's better to give a compliment about her dress than to tell a topless woman that I think she's cute, which would be too direct for a man like me and could be interpreted as harassment. In the meantime, she went up the stairs. At the top she took off her wet swimming trunks under her skirt without putting on a new pantie. Oh dear. She walks home naked below. While I was still undecided as to

what I could say to this woman, she went to a dark-skinned man who was waiting for her with a pram. Oh God, what luck that I didn't speak to her! She is already impregnated, has already multiplied, has not only betrayed me, but also her homeland. This form of her reproduction and my non-reproduction is also a permanent form of my hereditary elimination.



A woman with a surfboard looked away and ran off before I could decide whether there was any point in approaching her and experiencing the next publicly visible embarrassment on the same beach: probably not.

Now I climbed the vertical bank myself via a staircase to go home for a drink. Lots of single 'male groups' on all parts of the beach. European conservatives will recognise the terminology 'groups of men' and 'men' without further explanation. Small hint: I'm not one of the 'men'; I'm a white, straight male loser who is totally ignored, publicly unnoticed and has no voice.



Two light-haired girls were jabbering and laughing.

-“You have a nice laugh!” I told to her, with the necessary distance, candle-straight in my opinion (flirt masters and girls see this more strictly, usually find something to criticise about it), smiling, as if from a flirting instruction video on YouTube.

-“Thank you”

-“What are you up to?” I asked, turning in their direction at a distance next to them.

-“We must hurry up, going somewhere,” she hollowly shrugged me off. That’s how shitty life is when you’re a nice man, a poet and a thinker, but an incel.



Now I didn't even care about the large group of 'men' who were sitting in a quarter circle like in an amphitheatre, in several rows on different steps, watching the beach, bathers, café guests, passers-by on the promenade and even me, who was failing. Once they seemed to have laughed at me, another time someone imitated me more successfully.

A young woman in black

with a rucksack of the same colour was coming my way.

-“Oh, you look elegant, all in black.”

-“Thank you”

-“Won't it get hot in the sun?” I asked.

-“No, it'll be fine.”

-“I like tropical heat too. Are you taking a holiday from the autumn weather here too?”

-“No, I live here.”

-“Where are you from?”

-“From the Ukraine.”

-“What a senseless disaster there. At least you're safe here.”

-“Yes, no bombs.”

-“So many people have to suffer because of a few people with crazy ideas.”

-“Not just a few people. There are many thousands of people shooting.”

-“Most of them only do what they're told. Only when it affects them do they start to fight back.”

-“Most of them don't mind at all.”



-“We should change the subject and talk about something positive. You shouldn't let yourself be depressed, always look on the bright side of life.”

-“Something positive while people are dying?”

-“Of course you have to do something about it, but otherwise don't let it ruin your positive attitude to life.”

She disagreed. I asked what she does.

-“I work.”

That was all I could get out of her about her job.

-“What else motivates you in life?”

-“I do sport.”



-“You've come to the right place. You can do a lot of sport here, such as surfing. I'm the opposite myself, I do intellectual sports.”

I talked about maths, programming and now writing books. All of that is mental sport. That's why I'm more fluent with words than with my body. In the meantime, we had reached the end of the beach. She pointed to the café: -“I'm going here now”, to say goodbye in a similarly vague way as the two before.

-“Would you like to...” Oh dear, once again I almost stuttered as a supplicant, in an insecure beta's plea, because the conversation was going badly and she brushed me off.

-“Would you like to continue the conversation another time?”

-“No,” she replied in a rude, direct and edgy manner, shaking her head.

Now I was so exhausted that I almost got lost on the way back to the flat.



After taking notes, I went to use the last time before dark to go shopping. A few late beachgoers were still bathing in the sunset. The sun stood behind clouds and Sahara dust, white-grey and colourless above the rocky outcrops like a large Jupiter moon with a belly belt. Slowly the pale, light grey giant Saturn sun sank behind the lava

mountains. I ate a snack and stepped out onto the promenade above the grey waters. The lanterns shone while the central star faded, which in a billion years will become so large that it will swallow our earth like a blast furnace a small splinter of wood.

Once again I summoned up my courage and opened my mouth. What did I say? I have forgotten. Voices waft across the riverbank and streets. Ringing and skirl glare in the air. I let myself drift like a nutshell in the wide sea; even my thoughts are blown away by the wind of time. My futile conversation with a girl vanished like breath in the wind.



Now my last failure resurfaces from the ocean of oblivion. A woman walked in front of me; I could have said something. But what? I don't know a magic spell that would open the girls' gate that was closed to me. Whatever I do, say, don't do or don't say, they reject me. It's like a law of nature. I am the eternal incel, the one who is always rejected. I am the one whose voice nobody wants to hear because it is the voice of the most oppressed group in humanity, the white, heterosexual male loser. It is already biologically predetermined that many men lose with women and that everyone perceives this as normal. There is no empathy for male losers, only mockery and derision, which also hits every book about such losers. Nobody wants to know! This is the blatant injustice of the world.



I didn't know what to say. It didn't matter what I said, because the outcome was clear in advance: she would reject me in any case. So why worry or bother? It's all in vain anyway, pointless, doomed to failure!

But why should I ponder any further? The woman was dressed in colour, but she wasn't my type. Twenty metres in front of her walked a blonde with a long mop of hair. She was like something out of the legends that were told in my childhood, when it was worth while for a boy to defeat a troll whose head was constantly growing back in order to win the beautiful, snow-white maiden, whom the jealous troll forbade to approach. She wore white candles in her hair, but when boys jumped over fires in spring to celebrate the dawning of summer, the snow maiden melted away and disappeared ... I blend various legends together into a sea of legends in which the world of these girls has sunk like the legendary Atlantis. Because I am a poet, I have to tell you this before I plummet from my poetic flights of fancy back into the dismal depths of reality. Plop! Crashed! Now I have caught up with the Snow Maiden, who is already a woman who walks more

resolutely than is good for natural femininity, a woman of this time in which our old culture has sunk, a place shrouded in legend like Rungholt, over which a poet travelled after seven hundred years.

“Today I sailed over old Rungholt town.
That seven hundred years ago did drown.”



You idiot,
now finally say
something!
You're next to
the woman now,
half a step in
front of her. She
can see you!

-“Hey. You
look stylish with
your black
clothes and
rucksack.”

-“Thank
you,” she replied
in English.

-“Only in
the midday sun
it could get a bit
hot in black.”

-“That's my
clothes for
work-out.”

-“What do
you do in life
when you're not
walking on the

beach?”

-“I do sport, work-out.”

-“Interesting. I'm the exact opposite, I do sports of mind.”

-“That's good too.”

-“I studied mathematics, developed programmes and now I write books. It's all mental sport. Where do you come from?”

The same weakness as this afternoon; I should have asked her name straight away and made the conversation more personal. This ‘Where are you from?’ is so terribly trite, it gets on my nerves too.



-“From Norway.”

-“Oh, nice. My parents have friends north of Oslo. They live at the mouth of a fjord and even have a peach tree that bears fruit. The Gulf Stream makes it possible. Where are you from in Norway?”

-“From the west.”

-“So from the coast. That's probably where most people live.”

-“I don't know, I have no idea.”

The conversation had petered out, even though I had talked about stuff related to her. As usual, she had to move on.



“Excuse me, I just have to make / take a call.” I don't remember exactly whether she called herself or was called. I just waited. But unlike experienced flirt masters, my patience was not rewarded.

“I have to get going now, I'm meeting friends.”

–“We can continue the conversation tomorrow if you don't have to go anywhere.”

–“Yes, if we happen to see each other tomorrow.”

–“Do you have WhatsApp? Then you can text me when you're free.”

–“No, I don't want that.”

The next conversation today, which ended in ‘no’ and never went well, was also the last. The snow woman burst my dreams like a hot fission bomb, melting them into nothingness and herself into non-existence – at least from my reality.



6.10.2022

My father's birthday. I'm curious to see what will happen today. In order not to miss anything in life, I used the short period of brightness after I wasn't ready to leave until around three in the afternoon to meet girls. As a result, I couldn't afford to make a fresh note of what happened straight away. Writing it down would have stifled my chance to practise, gain experience and develop. That's why I can't remember what my first rejection was.

Was it today or yesterday, when I caught up with a woman dressed in white on the way to the beach, said "You look chic" on the pavement next to her, whereupon she hurried on and mumbled something grumpy and dismissive? She could be a local who was in a hurry and I don't want to look bad here.



Today,
 when I reached
 the beach and
 found the
 clearest view of
 rocky cliffs
 otherwise
 shrouded in
 mist, did I pull
 out my camera
 and repeat
 pictures with
 greater clarity,
 did I tell a girl
 something about
 a clear view? If
 so, I was so
 quickly blown
 away that I don't
 remember the
 conversation.
 Either I didn't
 see a target, or
 didn't have the
 courage, or was
 turned away and
 I was disgraced

within sight as I climbed back onto the promenade. There, among families, older couples and a surplus of men illegally smuggled in on boats, walked a few fashionable girls, some of them beautiful to my taste. As if I could afford to choose! But they almost always respond to a compliment from me with "Thank you" and move on, away from me. I manage to make a social, unobtrusive start much more often, even if flirt masters think that's a waste of time. I'm just not ready yet! I'm lucky if they talk to me at all! It's too difficult for me to make a

direct approach with obvious intentions; they immediately categorise me as beta, unattractive or an old geezer, block me and walk away.



Because it doesn't work with passing girls, or I don't dare, too little time to realise what I can say, I went to a girl sitting on the edge of the concrete, who had a large Mobiltel, or even a small computer with her, on which she was busily pottering around.

-“Your blouse matches the beach,” I opened. There was a beach printed on the back. So it was like a mirror in a mirror.

-“Thank you”

-“Are you even busy on the beach?”

-“I work online.”

-“That's practical. I also have my work with – um – I also work online.”



I'd already slipped up, got an 'um' in there, mixed up a sentence and probably had an insecure beta voice to boot.

—"I don't need company, thank you," she sent me straight away.

I have difficulties with running girls, after the methods of stopping taught by TNL in the video went embarrassingly wrong here on the first day, compliments without stopping also fizzled out

quite unanimously. That's why today I mainly approached people in the way I manage, i.e. rarely while walking, but then not while hurrying along the promenade. I manage funny manoeuvres like my teacher E■■ even less in English than in my mother tongue. I sunbathed on the beach and took off my shirt so that my summer tan, which I had painstakingly achieved through gardening, wouldn't fade. However, I hardly ever had the opportunity to speak to them, and when I did, I forgot.



Once I had more courage than usual. A young woman walked from the promenade to the cold shower at the entrance, where I caught up with her.

-“Your clothes are nice and colourful, like your swimming trunks.” I praised cheekily. Her swimming trunks were colourful, but “as small as knickers.

-“Thank you”

-“I’m Jan, and what’s your name?”

She was from here; we talked about languages while she changed for her bath. I looked into her eyes and at her face as she answered. At one point, with her mouth wide open to speak, her tongue tapped against the roof of her mouth or her lip. This may be normal when speaking, but I interpreted it as unconsciously enjoying the conversation, which noticeably had a man-woman dimension because I am increasingly paying attention or getting to speak from the gut. She said it had been nice talking to me, but she wanted to move on.

-“I’d like to meet you.” I should have gone one better: ‘I’d love to meet you.’

She thanked me but wouldn't give up a WhatsApp.



Up at the edge of the promenade, a girl sat alone on one of the white benches that are placed at a distance everywhere and which, for once today, were not predominantly occupied by groups of single men from the black continent. Instead, a white woman was pushing her pram with her black boyfriend's child. They were not the only such couple. They quickly became sexually and reproductively

integrated; their children will own the country. I was never sexually integrated by European women and was not given a chance to reproduce. Therefore, my homeland will not belong to my children. It will not belong to my people either. For writing about it I get cancelled.



I approached the girl from the side – from behind would be bad and wouldn't work at all because of the backrest.

–“It's a beautifully clear day,” I began, “the view is clear, there's no haze in front of the rocky mountains.”

She agreed, lives here and surfs.

“You're in the right place, you can surf a lot. What else do you do in life?”

–“Sport. Surfing.”

–“I do more intellectual sports: maths, programming, writing books.”

–“Where are you from?”, I asked.

–“I'm from Navarre, not far from the Basque Country.”

I then talked about the rare Basque language and how scholars argued about what Basque could be related to.

–“Do you speak Basque too?”

–“A little bit. I find it interesting.”



Now I told him how a friend of mine, who is interested in rare languages, had found seventy pairs of words that had a certain letter in Basque and a different letter in Hamito-Semitic languages. He was unsure whether this indicated a relationship. 70 word pairs are few and could be a coincidence. In addition, a derivation rule would be needed in order to have a debatable theory. You can already see that I was once again

talking far too matter-of-factly and couldn't manage any flirting. Flirting teachers will tear their hair out. If at all, I only manage to have social and very neutral conversations. I also have to get some girls out of the habit of addressing me like an uncle. However, conversations end quickly as soon as I try to make more of them or even start flirting.

-“We should continue the conversation, have a chat over coffee or tea in the next few days.”

I can't remember how she put it, but it came down to a flat 'no' with a farewell 'have a nice afternoon' who therefore could not be.



Hundreds of metres and a bend in the promenade further on, another girl was sitting alone on a white bench. I went to her too, started a conversation and sat down next to her.

-“A beautiful clear view today!”

She agreed; I've forgotten what she said. So much has happened today. On the other hand, I am so relaxed that my otherwise photographically sharp short-term memory is begin-

ning to fail.

-“A good place to spend a holiday here in the winter months. Where are you from?”

-“I'm from here.”

-“Oh, a local.” ... “What moves you in life?”

-“I'm a surf instructor.”

-“You've come to the right place. I'm more of a mental athlete. I'm sure many a beginner falls off the board the first time they try it.”

I talked to her about a few more topics, including my books, until she said.

-“I have to go now, I was just taking a break. The surf lesson is starting.”

-“It's nice to be able to take a break from work on the shore. We should keep chatting when there's no surfing lesson.”



I got snubbed the same way as by the previous girl, who also likes to surf. It's funny to have spoken to two surfers in a row on a bench. My conversations are purely social; I've made progress in creating a conversation in the first place, but it's flirt-free, and when I suggest to meet again at the end, the girls are surprised and reluctant.



With my shirt under my arm, I continued across the beach and beyond. Further back, huge boulders had been piled up to stabilise the shore. Cyclopean sand. A woman was packing her things to leave. A girl was sitting further back. I walked over and said to her:

-“It looks like giants have been playing ball with stones and boulders and thrown them here.”

She replied in agreement.

-“Are you on holiday here too?”

-“Yes”

-“Two fools, one thought: we both had the same idea. Where are you from?”

-“I'm from here.”

-“Wait a minute, let me get this straight: you're from here and you're on holiday at home?”

-“Exactly, I'm on holiday and I'm doing it here. It's nice here.”

-“If you have such a beautiful, sunny and warm beach on your doorstep, you don't need to travel far away.”

-“That's right.”



After a brief gossip, she moved on and, like the other girls, she found my suggestion that we meet up for a chat these days rather absurd and declined. After all, I hadn't got any further than a social talk. After wishing each other "Have a nice afternoon", I walked back along the promenade to eat. On the way, a few beautiful girls passed by, but I didn't speak to them because my reaction time was for too long.

I have to ask Mr Einstein to swage my time whenever girls walk towards me so that I have enough time to think of a suitable phrase. After all, I'm not a highly embarrassing flirting professional who says the same thing to all the girls like a robot, such as 'I think you're cute', to which the girl then probably asks back:

- 'Are there any women in this town you haven't told that you think they're cute?' But these guys have experience and success; I only have practice in failure.



Finally, I saw one with curly blonde hair coming towards me. She wasn't a lean bone like me, nor was she fat, but her bosom should be enough to fill triplets.

-“I like your style.” I told her.

-“Thank you”

-“I'm Jan. And what's your name?”

-“Ilka”

-“An original name.”

-“Thank you”

Again. I'd have to get her to contribute something more.

-“Where are you from?”

-“Germany”

-“Oh, we can talk as our beak has grown. I didn't quite understand your name just now. ‘Milka’? Milk chocolate? That can't be right!”

-“Ilka”

-“Are you on holiday here too?”

-“I'm studying here.”

-“Ah, probably a semester abroad via the Erasmus exchange programme.”

-“Yes, that's it.”

-“Several people have already told me they're here on the Erasmus programme. A good choice! No winter cold and a beautiful beach.”

She wanted to move on now, saluted me and was reluctant to go on a date. These conversations are going in the wrong direction. A few days earlier, I hadn't even had any conversations.



Contortions while courting girls

-“You look fashionable, all in black.”

-“Thank you” and off she went.

Now I'm not really into black clothes, but it was similar with coloured ones, and I couldn't think of a quick phrase for white ones, which is why beautiful, optimistically brightly dressed girls unfortunately had to do without my compliment. In future, I should have phrases ready like: ‘You look like a white candle on a birthday cake.’



Finally, a girl walked in front of me with a colourful rucksack. Click, I know what I can say. Meanwhile, others were running away with no word association ringing a bell. She didn't hurry like most beauties either. I caught up with her on the steps down to the beach.

-“You're wearing a fancy, colourful rucksack.”

-“Thank you.”

-“When I go to festivals, I also walk around

in bright colours,” I added. She lives in Rome. -“There are lots of events and festivals there too.”

-“I'm sure there are.”

-“I'm from Berlin.”

-“I've wanted to go there for a long time. Maybe next year.”

-“Then I'll see you in Berlin.”

-“There's also a festival there. But I've forgotten what it's called.”

-“One? There are many there. Which one do you mean?”



Then I said: “Berlin is very popular for parties. People come from Scandinavia for the New Year's Eve party. Opinion about Berlin is divided. Many think it's great for partying, others think Berlin is broken. Berlin is the only capital city in Europe that lowers the country's gross national product.”

After a short conversation, she said:

-“I want to go to the beach now.”

-“I have the same idea. Can I come with you?”

She was taken aback, but then said. -“Why not?”

So I went with her and our conversation continued. That was a huge step forward, but probably only because she wasn't a typical girl and we had found a few things in common. She had a punky haircut, skulls on her bra, but only minimal breasts.



I helped her lay down the bath towel that was flapping in the wind.

–“Thank you,” she said. Then I sat down next to her. The conversation flowed smoothly, probably for an hour, touching on many topics. She is originally from the Ukraine, is a musician and studies piano. She listened with interest to my twofold philosophical comparison of music with life, how baroque music combined complete voices in counterpoint to form a *Gesamtkunstwerk*, as the old culture brought several lives together to form a community, which had been disintegrating since 1735. Since then, the development towards our individualism and hedonism has proceeded. Apart from that, melody was decisive in the Baroque period; rhythm was made with melody. I described how a young conductor jumped wildly around the stage, resembling a caricature that my parents had hung up as a silhouette to inspire the orchestra to play in a rousing, snappy manner, pausing only to play the basso continuo on the harpsichord himself, but then jumping off again. I emphasised my speech with hand gestures, which in turn formed a similar symbolic language in the Baroque period as in Peking Opera or Ramajana. Today, in rave,

goa, psytrance, hip hop and other movements, rhythm is essential and melody is dispensable. Some wear an «All you need is bass» shirt.

That suited her because she plays the piano, a modern form of harpsichord.



She told me that her father is a composer who writes modern classical music and showed me a video of a performance in which she herself took part. Now I talked about my books, how I read at festivals, partly from the stage. Although I learnt the piano as a child, I found my talent in words, which I juggle with like I used to do with numbers and abstract concepts when I was studying maths.

-“I liked maths too.”

-“A nice lazy subject. No cramming vocabulary or grammar. But I was immersed in an abstract world instead of learning to flirt with girls.”

We talked about festivals.

-“There are many in Berlin, and even more in Brandenburg. You should come to a few next year.”

She considered it. Our conversation covered many topics. Once she asked if I wanted to live in this time, or perhaps sometimes in others.

-“Science and technology are more advanced than ever before. I wouldn't want to do without that. But much has been lost in human terms. We are alienated from our nature. I would like to take the latest knowledge and the latest technology and quantum physics with me, otherwise live in the 1960s, the Baroque era, antiquity and even the Stone Age - but only partially. Mankind lived in the Stone Age for tens of thousands of years.”



She thought it proper, but said:

-“I like the 90s best.”

-“What was so special about the 1990s?” I asked.

-“It was a new dawn with so many possibilities.”

-“Oh, I understand that. At the beginning, when a change begins, there are many possibilities, the future is open. Then you decide in favour of one direction, commit yourself and lose sight of the others. After all, you are stuck. The time of greatest hope and choice is the upheaval. Because you come from Ukraine, from Eastern Europe, the

1990s were a time of great upheaval and many new opportunities for you. As I come from a western country, this upheaval began earlier for us, in the 1960s.”



I talked about poetry, life as a journey, letting yourself drift, evolving, not pushing the angel of opportunity away, but embracing it.

–“Life, like travelling or a festival, is a constant drifting in the moment. A lot is flowing into us every moment; we just have to be open to accepting it, just as we are right now. A lot of unexpected things can unfold at any time.”

She then asked what I thought of the attitude of young people.

–“Many are awake and endeavouring to feel, accept and understand reality – like generations before them, who then got stuck and lost sight of reality. I see a lot of creative energy and new beginnings. However, they also existed before, but were lost. I don't know what will become of the current generation, but they are trying.”

She said there would be a lot of superstition.

–“Do you think their minds are sharp or are they rather stupid?”

-“Superstition has nothing to do with stupidity. There are many different ways of using the mind. In the Stone Age, people were just as intelligent as we are, but they didn't have our methodical tools and practice.”

-“Many are constantly influenced by machines. Some depend on Tiktok.”

-“Influence has increased. I see many who have spiritual ideas, like in a Baroque transition period. Back then, a piece of old culture and faith was falling apart. That's why people were susceptible to esoteric glass moving; freemasonry emerged. Today, a remnant of culture is falling apart again. This makes people receptive to erotizis – I meant esotericism. These esoteric people feel some things correctly, but they don't rationally recognise what it's all about. That's why they easily slip from their esoterically correctly sensed true core into prejudices or conspiracy theories.”



Because she is a musician, studies piano and her father is a composer, I spoke of my philosophy of music, of the double pendulum swing since the Baroque, when counterpoint combined different

voices into a Gesamtkunstwerk, just as natural law and the natural philosophy of the Ancien Régime combined people and life into a Gesamtkunstwerk called community or cultural community. Then the pendulum swung from carrying melodies, with which even rhythm was made in the Baroque era, to carrying rhythms or basses today, in which melody is superfluous. My dream is to unite the musical and human knowledge of the Baroque with its opposite today, rhythm-based music and individual freedom. Hedonism is anarchic chaos and doesn't work. I am also looking for composers to set two of my ancient Greek-style dramas to music in the short opera style.



I can hardly write down the multitude of our topics. Sometimes we sat in front of each other. Sometimes she lay on her towel and I lay next to her. Then she would talk and I would casually let my gaze slide over her chest (more chest than breasts, unfortunately) to her belly button and trousers while lying comfortably. My fingers tapped once as I spoke. My voice was safe now because the conversation was going on, so it was lower and from the belly. At least sometimes.

-“We should have dinner together or chill.”

-“Why not?”

I arranged a meeting for chilling out or dinner for either today or tomorrow.

-“I have to work today, then I'm staying with a friend.”

She's here because a friend is studying here for an Erasmus semester abroad. As I was once again lying in such a way that my gaze travelled over her belly button and body, she undid her tight-fitting trouser buckle. This is quite normal on the beach, where some people are bare-breasted, but it indicates a trusting, good conversation. With subliminally negative signals, such behaviour would not be expected.



Once I said: -“I hope this isn't offensive to you, but Putin isn't stupid either, he just uses his brain badly, in a terribly twisted way. I hear there are mathematicians in his family.”

I continued:

“There are no absolute, universally valid morals or principles. Maths is always right, in all parallel worlds, but we can never be sure whether it describes our reality. This is only true until physicists measure a deviation. Then the model has to be changed. There is no universally valid moral principle either. Every moral principle that has

been good so far can fail in a future situation. That is why we must always observe reality with reason and feeling and change our ways of thinking and models if necessary.”



On the subject of music, I said that I was looking for musicians to set pieces in verse to music.

-“My father set verses to music, and he used the rhythm of the words for the music.”

-“Bach and Handel did the same. An aria from *Acis and Galatea* is so rhythmic, sung with a rough, harsh male voice that sounds less like bel canto and vibrato than rock music. He anticipated rock music in this piece, 300 years ahead of his time. A rock band could take over the groovy aria without alteration by replacing violins with electric guitars.”



She had told me that she mainly listened to rock, classic rock, but also trash and punk. She raved about a punk group she knew with a provocative name that was very good and that I should listen to. I told her how I was introduced to electronic music because I met young people like her at the jazz festival in Moers, who took me to a goa. Before that, I loved melodies that I missed at the rave, but there I felt the strong pull of danceable rhythms like a mighty current pulling a ship along.

I like improvised music, even dancing to unfamiliar music, recognising rhythm changes intuitively. I also recounted the experience of a doubly authentic performance of a baroque opera, where not only the instruments and playing style were authentic, but also the movements of the singers. Hand signs and movements, taken from a found textbook of the time, formed a sign language similar to that used in Peking opera or performances of the Indian Ramajana. Even those who didn't understand Han or Sanskrit could tell exactly what was going on from the performers' sign language.

-“I would also like to learn Han,” she interjected



She lit her own cigarettes several times. I didn't mind because the strong wind blew the smoke away.

-“Do you smoke?” she asked once.

-“No.”

-“That's good.”

-“Some people call me boring: ‘What, you don't smoke and you don't drink? What do you do then?’ I'm quite well-behaved, only rarely the original Albert Hofmann.” ... “It's hard to get away from smoking.”

-“Nicotine is very addictive. But at least I'm not addicted to drugs.”

-“Drugs are bad, but Albert Hofmann's original is not addictive. It was even used to cure addiction in the 1960s.”

I lay and sat next to her on her towel for perhaps an hour. We had a lively chat.



-“Look up there, the tall building is leaning at the top. It looks like the funnel of a big steamer at sea.”

-“We also had buildings like that in Odessa. But they weren't crooked because they looked modern, but since they were badly built.”

-“Then you also have a leaning tower of Pisa, you don't need to travel all the way to Italy.”

-“Yes, something like that.”

-“In my home town, we've also had a leaning tower like the one in Pisa for two months now. It's a landmark of the city, a lighthouse at the mouth of the Geest. The ground under the lighthouse sank overnight. It's been leaning ever since.”

-“Hasn't it been rebuilt yet?”

-“It can't be done that quickly. The metal roof of the lighthouse was salvaged first. Now they have to fix the ground before the tower can be rebuilt on top of it.”

At one point she said that she was a cat fan.

-“The cat is fed and thinks, ‘I’m being fed, I’m God.’ The dog is fed and thinks, ‘You feed me, you are God.’ Domestic cats come from ancient Egypt, where the cat was a goddess. They still behave like that today,” I interjected.



-“I adore cats, feel they’re so cute.”

-“A friend of mine was able to cage one or two little kittens from a litter with one hand in the first few days.”

-“Oh how sweet.”

-“A few weeks later, the kittens had grown enormously.”

She was thrilled.

“The most extreme experience I had with cats was in a village in Spain, Frigiliana, which was famous for its white Mediterranean houses.

A friend ran a café there in the summer with a Spanish woman. I visited him. They had a tiny young kitten. Once, guests came in with a big dog. The huge animal ran up to the still very young kitten,

wagging its tail in a friendly manner. The tiny kitten lifted a front leg, hit the huge dog on the sniffing nose and clawed. The dog bled, jumped up in pain and howled. The poor dog was so trusting, he hadn't expected it, you could feel sorry for him."

Bestimmt fehlen noch ganze Themen aus unserem Gesprächskarusell.

She or her father has their origins in Odessa.

-“I wanted to go to Odessa. It must be nice in peace, before this crazy insane war.”

Then I told her how I had been to Syria and Yemen in good time, while things were still peaceful there, before civil wars broke out. She didn't know the name of Yemen.

She took my number and sent me a WhatsApp message. After that, we continued chatting until she got up and said she wanted to go into the water. She brushed off her trousers and stood there in her swimming trunks. I had no reason to stay any longer, to go with her (I wasn't wearing swimming trunks) or to wait. It was a sign that enough was enough.

-“Well, I was just about to go to dinner. Send me a message. I'll see you tonight or tomorrow afternoon.”

After a walk back to the flat, I returned to the beach.

-“A beautiful sunset.”

-“Yes, very beautiful.”

-“Yesterday it was foggier; the haze swallowed up all the colours so that the sun looked grey, with a dark streak as it set behind the lava rocks.”

I enquired that she was from Lithuania. (They had occupied the Memelland up to the city of Memel in 1922 in the middle of the peace. According to the Treaty of Versailles, we were not allowed to defend ourselves).

-“I haven't been to the Baltic yet, but my grandmother had. She had brought some souvenirs from there. You have ‘white nights’ in summer.”



-“The nights are short at midsummer, only an hour.”

-“And you used to have houses with pointed gables.”

She agreed. But that wasn't a suitable topic. Nothing hinted at flirting. As usual, I had only managed a social conversation, which quickly becomes boring for women without a sexual component.

“What kind of music do you listen to?” I asked.

-“English music.”

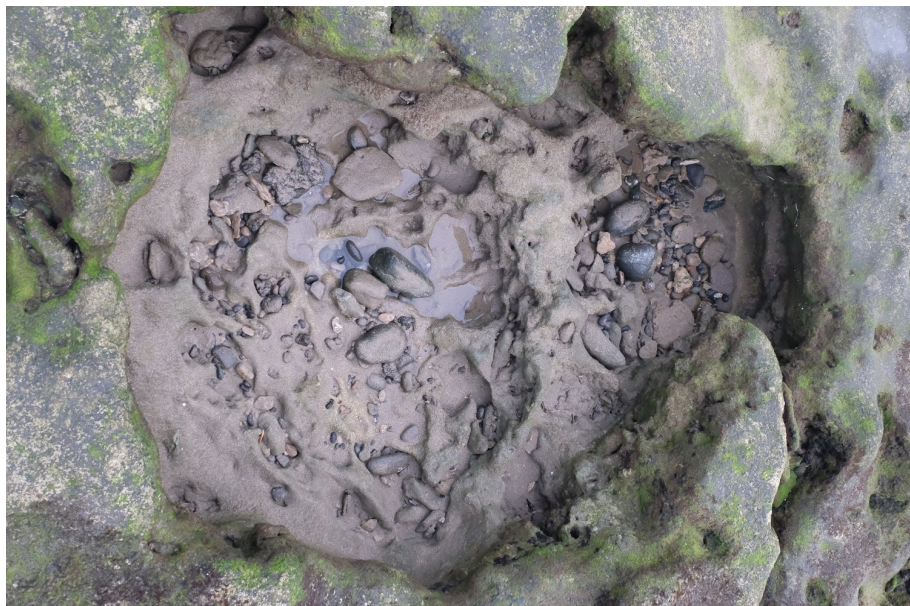
-“What do you mean by it? Folk?”

-“A friend of mine sings in English.”

-“I don't quite understand that. English can be many things, from a classical song to a pop song.”

-“He usually sings in Lithuanian, but this time in English. I'm listening to that right now.”

She put the earplugs back in that she had pulled out for me and said goodbye to make me move on.



As I walked on, I saw the woman with the white headdress from earlier walking parallel to the waterline through the sand. This time I strolled over and crossed her path. She was taking a picture.

-“Did you just take a picture of the beautiful sunset?”

-“Yes, it's beautiful.” she replied simply and in a gentle tone of voice. Again, I didn't change the channel.

-“Yesterday, the sun set behind the rocks like a pale, large Saturn,” I remarked poetically, instead of offering a compliment so that she would realise what I meant: ‘You are more beautiful than the sunset.’ She might have liked that. But as it was, I spilled her confidences with poetic words in a language that was foreign to both of us.

-“Sorry, I don't understand English.”

Night. I take pictures with various lenses, including the fast 1.2 – but the depth of field is too tiny at this aperture.

Some beautiful girls hurry past. I didn't approach any of them. I still have inhibitions in the nightlife because the intention is very obvious. Flirt teachers love this time of day; it's a land of milk and

honey for them. They were also moving quickly, making it even harder for me to stop them and engage them in conversation. One young woman, however, strolled slowly, came from the beach, then looked at a neon sign before gradually walking on, on a curved path, as if she had no destination or didn't know where she was going.



But I didn't follow up. I still don't trust myself enough, I don't listen to my inner voice, which tells me she's crying out to be entertained. On the other hand, I mustn't overdo it either. Otherwise people will realise why I'm walking along the promenade, which is why they will look at me with contempt and not react well to me. Now, however, I'm relaxed in the flood of sounds from the oncoming and breaking waves, voices from everywhere, footsteps, vehicles and other signals from the world around me. I have finally arrived in reality, but unfortunately without the punch that a man needs if he wants to be one of the few winners of female selection.



After buying and eating a snack, I left the promenade, where young girls are conspicuously hurrying. Either they have to go somewhere urgently, or they don't want to be approached by the nightly excess of men, which is always and everywhere, although not as blatant as at home. I too have always been a surplus of men, only now in more ways than one.

Although the plight is stark, the sex ratio of young cohorts is unfavourable, native men who have already been sickened and repressed by feminism are once again being repressed, governments are exacerbating the dilemma and silencing victims with the 'sexism cudgel' and 'anti-racism cudgel'.

In a cross street, a light-coloured woman stood on the pavement next to entrances. Before I got there – probably too shy and inexperienced to dare speak to her, or with a morality-induced blankness in my

brain so that I couldn't think of anything to say – a long black African man had walked up to her and spoke to her in a low voice, getting a lively response that I would never get. After all, I'm only a intellectually orientated man, not a physically orientated one. Just like earlier in my life, things are the wrong way round.



In the course of the last two days I had also spoken to a dark-blond French woman from Nancy, but had forgotten how.

-“Where in France are you from?”

-“Nancy, Alsace.”



She was the age of those students who spend a semester abroad here with the help of the Erasmus programme. I have also forgotten my exact answer. Motives for my answer that I might have used: I have Nancy mirabelle plums in the garden at home. Lately I've been listening to beautiful French chansons from the 1960s by Yeye singers. I can read French more easily than speak it because I recognise words more easily

in the written word, as consonants at the end are usually silent. That's why I understand authentic French baroque opera better than today's spoken French, because final consonants were sung and spoken along.

7.10.2022

I got up early to try and catch the bus to the “Villages of the North”. When the office opened ten minutes late, it had already set off

but hadn't yet arrived at my stop. The man only just managed to catch it by phone.



Bus journey:

The tour guide greeted women in a very friendly manner, including some nationalities.

-“Where are you from?”
-“Poles” He then burst out with friendliness.

Terse objectivity, the opposite, after my answer “from Germany”.

After me, a Latina from Colombia, adopted as a child, who spoke fluent German and reacted in the same way.

Although she sat on the opposite side of the aisle, one row further back, I quickly engaged her in conversation during the tour. As she had been on several tours with the bus and praised the guide, I was pleased to have many picture motifs and told her how I had found the stand closed a few minutes after six yesterday and had just managed to get hold of a ticket today when the bus had already set off to collect

the participants. She sat down next to me when I got back on the bus. We had lots of good conversations. I tried to score points with witty remarks and a slightly deeper voice from my gut, which comes naturally when I put emotion into it.



-“The plant looks as if it was undecided whether it wanted to become a tree or a palm. It branches out like a tree, but like a palm tree it only has leaves at the tips.”

-“A good observation.”

-“Your handbag with a rucksack strap is similarly ambivalent.”

-“It’s a rucksack, albeit a small one.”

-“It’s probably saying: ‘When I grow up, I want to be a proper travelling rucksack.’”



Topics such as drifting and development scored points with her. She hinted at liking hippies and being a bit like them. So the presentation of my book about the development from the 1960s to PsyTrance and Goa had an effect on her, and she agreed to come along after the bus tour so that I could show her my books that I had left in the flat. She said she was looking forward to seeing the pictures. At the same time, I tried to unconsciously prepare her with a deep belly voice, which was created by imagining my counterpart as a naked woman, by looking into her eyes, smiling and occasionally touching her while gesticulating, that more could happen because of our attraction than just looking at a book with some very sexy hippie pictures. She also seemed subliminally DTF, although she mentioned her boyfriend several times. The problem was that her plane was taking off at five tomorrow morning. It was now the third time in a row that a meeting she actually wanted had failed because she had to fly out the next day (in one case the day after next). She was afraid of missing her flight and not having her luggage ready by ten o'clock. From then on she wanted to sleep.



It went back and forth: she said several times that she would be happy to come along and look at my books if only the bus was back on time. A little later, she expressed doubts because she had to go to the airport at four o'clock in the morning the next day and pack before going to bed, which would also take time. On the other hand, as I lived no more than fifteen or twenty minutes' walk from her, and only five

minutes from a bus stop, it would only be a short diversions. Then she changed her mind again and said that if it had been a day earlier, she would have come with me straight away. In the end, just before we got back, she asked if I would be angry if she didn't come because it was too close. Of course not, I wished her a good onward journey. Too bad, though. But we haven't got that far yet. Back to the first stages of our bus journey together.



She talked about the ‘Venice’ of Gran Canaria and a small stretch of desert.

She said that all drugs should be liberalised, including opium and nicotine. They were part of nature; people would have to learn to deal with them and both had been used by some tribes since ancient times. I replied that England's opium war against China had shown what bad consequences it can have when addictive drugs have to be released under pressure. A nation of 400 million people at the time had gone to rack and ruin, an empire collapsed due to opium addiction because many people were unable to learn how to deal with highly addictive substances. The tuber leaf fungus is also part of nature.

In addition to such naive hippie myths, she was also shaped by feminist ones. The tour guide praised the driver, saying she was the best ever. I didn't notice anything about her, good or bad. My neighbour also raved about how great she thought it was for women to have such an unusual job. Generations living today are completely messed up, not only alienated from nature, which they constantly blather on about, but living in radical conflict with human nature.

They have not the slightest idea of human universals such as sex complementarity, and fight this important basic building block of human nature with obsessive fervour. You can almost bet your life that they intuitively do everything exactly the wrong way round. I didn't tell her that because it would have ruined the chances of ending up in bed with her.



Museum in a historic old house

We talked for almost seven hours. I felt her confidence grow; my voice became more assured and deeper. When the bus jolted, she got used to being touched by me.

However, a Spanish woman who spoke German pushed her way into our group. As in the time before the catastrophe of the First World War, German was our lingua franca among educated people. But I wasn't allowed to tell her that. She was on the left. When the three of us were out and about at a harbour, she called the previous generations Nazis, who would also exist today. So anyone who thinks differently from her scene is slandered as a Nazi and suppressed. She doesn't even realise that it's her scene and prejudices that are dictatorial, Nazi in reverse orientation.



Anyway, the Spanish woman asked her to sit next to her after they had both bought pastries and were eating together.



But it was the same row, just on the other side of the corridor. So I wasn't quite outside. As the Spanish woman got off before us, she came back to my side lastly.



I scored a lot of points. She had shown me seeds for cacti in a shop because I had pointed out this species in nature:

-“Look, they'll fit as seats in my flat.”

-“Here's something for you. You can grow them and sit on them.”

-“I'll probably have to shave them first.”

-“Why shave them? If anything, I'd rather go natural.”

I took lots of pictures.

-“Some of the best motifs flit past on the journey. Some beautifully shaped and colourfully painted houses stood alone by the sea. But I can't take them from the fast-moving bus with its reflective and blotchy windows. I would have to cycle the route sometime.”

We talked about travelling slowly. She is currently on a tour de force, having travelled through many countries, here only a few days, and on each one she took a bus tour. She raved about a cycle route that leads from the Netherlands or Belgium to Denmark, but where the landscape becomes more monotonous. Tomorrow morning she will fly to Denmark, then to another Scandinavian country, which is why she has brought clothes for the warm Canary Islands as well as for the cold northern autumn weather. As she is only allowed to take 10kg with her, it will be difficult to fit in any souvenirs.



When we visited a coffee plantation, the most northerly in the world according to the tour guide, we walked through an aisle of vines hundreds of metres long.

–“Look, the grapes are ripe, golden coloured with a light brown. They must be sweet,” I said, then “I always thought I had long arms, but look, they’re not long enough to reach the grapes.”



With that, I stretched up an arm that didn't reach the ripe grapes.

-“That sounds like a story about ‘the grapes are hanging too high’,” she replied.

She often was underway with the Spanish woman. New-found female friendship beats flirting with a man. They tried a selfie together in front of banana trees.

-“Shall I take a picture of you together?”

-“Yes, do

that. Pictures from the photographer are sure to be good.”

-“Oh, don't say that until you've seen the books with pictures at my place. Then decide whether the pictures are any good.”

-“I'll take your word for it.”

I said that unlike useful things like potatoes, tomatoes, melons and corn, tobacco with one of the most addictive poisons of all, nicotine, would have been better left in America.

-“Don't forget the cocoa bean, chocolate.”



She advocated decriminalising all drugs. People should know how to deal with them themselves. I disagreed. Addictive substances eliminate personal responsibility. Poisons such as tuber leaf fungi or plutonium must also be kept away from people.

-“Psychedelics such as LSD and psilocybin should be available on prescription from a doctor. What else the scene is smoking is horrible in comparison.

Nobody needs it, it only does harm,” I replied.

She said she was a bit of a hippy inside. I immediately presented my book “Life as a Journey” as a hippie book on the subject of the psychedelic movement from the 1960s to the present day. She seemed very interested and inclined to come back to my flat, where I have this and another of my books. She wanted to see the pictures.

-“Photography is just a hobby of mine. Writing is now my profession. It's more mentally demanding to work out new thoughts in writing than to press the shutter release with usable settings.”



I imagined that we would also end up in bed if a hippie girl came to my room to be shown my books instead of my record collection or stamp collection.

From the look on her face, she doubted my statement about the intellectual effort involved. Apparently, photographs are admirable to her, even if someone has only clicked the camera. Novel literature or science requires hard intellectual labour

before anything can be put into words. A good day has passed since then; I've forgotten most of our conversation because it wasn't written down as soon as I got home. I used to promptly empty my overflowing memory bank into written form before gaps appeared. But that stopped me from gaining experience and developing myself

further during this time. I practise dealing with girls every day. If I write for too long, I miss out on new experiences.



After returning in the late afternoon:

Compliment. Thank you. Gone.

I asked a girl standing in an entrance if she knew where there were open-air concerts behind a music academy today, a city festival, as the tour guide had claimed. She knew nothing. Finally, a black African joined us and she asked him. He hadn't seen anything at the back of the concert hall. When there are open-air concerts there, the structures are usually visible from the morning. I asked her:

-“Do you work or live here?”

-“I work.”

-“Are you doing work and travel?”

-“Yes”

Then the two of them went inside. She wished me a good evening and closed the door behind her and him.



To one woman I said: “You smile into the day and the day will smile back.” She just kept walking.

A detour to the beach: From the top of the promenade, I saw a girl walking alone at the edge of the water. I climbed down to wait for her a little way ahead, wading with my feet on the flat rocks that were still dry on the upper relief.

-“That's a beautiful sunset,” I said to

her, “but you're more beautiful.”

-“Thank you”

She said she was from the USA and lived in Valencia.

-“Valencia is beautiful. I've been there too. What are you doing in Valencia? Are you studying there?”

-“I work.”

But she didn't tell me what she was doing and left my question unanswered.

-“How long are you here for?”

-“Just for the weekend.”

I told her about the open-air music that was supposedly happening today and tried to arrange a meeting. That was unnecessary, because her curt answers and non-answers betrayed a lack of interest. She then turned round and stalked back along the water's edge in the direction she had come from, perhaps to end the conversation.

Back up on the promenade, I said to a plump but dark blonde girl with a beautiful face:

-“I like your smile.”

-“Thank you”

-“Do you know where there's live music outside today? A bus driver told me about open-air concerts.”

She knew nothing about that.

-“Are you here on holiday?”

-“I live and study here.”

-“Are you doing an Erasmus programme?”

-“Yes, exactly.”

-“I've already spoken to a few people who are studying here on the Erasmus programme. You've chosen a beautiful island that's also warm in winter.”

-“I have to get going now, celebrate birthday.”

-“Oh, is it your birthday?”

-“Not me, but a friend.”

-“Well, have a nice birthday party! We can meet up afterwards or tomorrow, maybe in a café. I'd like to get to know you.”

-“Today I'm with friends and tomorrow is not possible.”

-“Do you have WhatsApp?”

-“Yes”

-“Then enter my number and send me a message via WhatsApp so that I have yours too. We'll write to each other when it suits.”

She entered my number and showed the entry.

“Send me a message on WhatsApp. I would like to meet you. You look enchanting.”

She beamed a big smile and looked into my eyes. I gave her a 'thumbs up'. So we said goodbye. But she hadn't sent me a message, so I couldn't write to her. Same mistake as today on the bus!

A woman I approached with a forgotten sentence said she was from here.

-“Did you move here or were you born here?”

-“I was born here.”

-“Oh, a real local / native.”

But she also said goodbye without any contact details.

Finally, I saw a woman sitting on the concrete ledge overlooking the sea. I climbed the concrete ledge and spoke to her from the side:

-“A beautiful sunset, but you're beautiful too.”“

-“Where is a sunset here?” she asked.

-“You can't see the sun from here because it's behind the big auditorium building, but it's still above the lava rocks.”

She'll be here for another week, teaches yoga.

-“This also has to do with people, but is not creative or artistic. I have turned my hobby into a profession and write books. Life and work are interwoven, inseparable, because life is my inspiration.”

I talked about yoga at festivals, a yoga teacher who had learnt yoga in Bali and with a warm-up phase, a sequence of exercises that is adapted to the audience and their inner mood, like a story.

-“So yoga is also something creative.”

-“In that sense, yes.”

She looked me in the eye as we talked about yoga. Until then, the conversation had at least been going reasonably well, if not exactly well. But then she asked me what I was writing.



-“About life, like life as a journey, countries, philosophy, human relationships.”

-“Exciting.”

-“And about male losers.”

She wanted that explained. She didn't even know the term incel. With my explanations that, according to primeval instinct, women reject 80% of men sexually, I must have overwhelmed her and

offended her. Yoga devotees, like post-1968 scenes, are usually strongly feminist. At some point during my explanations, she said that she had to make a phone call and that I shouldn't be surprised.

-“We can talk afterwards or another time.”

-“If we bump into each other.”

-“That probably doesn't happen in a big city. Do you have WhatsApp?”

She clearly declined.

Several black Africans were promenading with a white girl; one was just turning off the promenade into a street with her. She was wearing black, smart clothes, as if she wanted to go out in the night-

life. Another European woman was sitting in a café, with her black lover placing one hand on her buttock and the other between her legs, but I didn't have my camera or mobile phone with me. These are crazy times in Europe. Everywhere in Western countries they import masses of foreign, womanless men, while their own men are degraded en masse to sad incels; but if someone protests, he is fought and stigmatised by the state as a 'racist' so that no one can stop the mentally cruel aberration. On this island, too, I took a picture of state advertising posters for a 'fight against racism', while this is only created by massive demographic conquest due to the smuggling in of men from other continents, while many of our men don't get girls and end up as incels. There has probably never been a sicker and crazier era than ours.

Night: A noisy procession through the street in front of my flat lured me out into the darkness again at nine o'clock in the evening. I walked to the beach again, but there was no more music playing. Elegantly dressed women walked along the promenade; girls were sometimes dressed for nightlife; once I even saw sexy lingerie. In front of me walked an elegant woman with a gold-coloured pattern on light grey and some large red flowers. I thought about how I could allude to the flowers. ('You're wearing an elegant flowery dress.'), but then left it at that. When I caught up with her, I looked at the distance in metres. She realised that. But I've always been a failure in nightlife, actually with women in general. It's never as difficult for me as at night, when women know exactly what a man wants and he has to be particularly confident, skilful and impressive. Maybe I'll learn one day, but at the moment I'm afraid of embarrassment. I also felt sick to my stomach. I'd been feeling queasy all day; the half-raw hamburger I was served on the way didn't help matters. Now I'm glad when I don't have to hurl. No, I left the nocturnal beauties unspoken to.

8.10.2022

While listening to YouTube videos, I realised how boring my attempts to approach are. Some masters are not only much more direct, but have unusual ideas and ways of talking. Today, I would like to endeavour to adopt as much of this as possible, although I am

looking for my own twists. I do need a role model, but I don't want to be a copyist, I want to develop and express my own personality.

Approaching women on the move usually doesn't work for me. I'm not the young, handsome, attractive man, so women don't give me a chance, just as they never gave my younger self one. It's usually girls who are sitting alone that I try to approach, and even that doesn't work. On the beach I caught up with a woman. At a distance of two or three metres, which was more than enough, I said "Hola" or "Hello" to get her attention for my first line. That's what teachers advise. But the woman immediately turned her head away and walked a short distance away from me. That was one of the most blatant rejections here.

The same thing had gone well on 3 October; the Scottish woman promised to meet me at the sandcastle. If she hadn't lived far away and hadn't flown home the next day, I would have thought it was safely a meeting.

I spoke to several girls as they sat alone on one of the white benches.

-“Today is fantastic surfing weather because of the high waves.”

They mostly agreed.

-“It was high tide earlier; the spray was splashing onto the seafront. A whole class from the surf academy just came in with their surfboards.”

Then I offered a compliment.

“What do you do? Are you working or studying?”

-“I'm here on Erasmus.”

-“What subject? Let me guess: you're studying to hang out and chill on the beach.”

-“I studied tourism here. Now I'm only here for the weekend to feel at home.”

-“Then you must have enjoyed the semester if you feel at home here. I made a good guess. It was actually meant to be a sarcastic remark, but my guess about tourism fits perfectly.”

In the middle of it all, it turned out that she was from Germany.

-“Great, then we can talk as our beaks have grown.”

I talked about writing, travelling, life as a journey, which fitted metaphorically.

-“I no longer need to travel to Pisa, I've already been there. Now we have a leaning tower ourselves, a lighthouse, even the city's landmark.”

-“Oh, you're from Bremerhaven.”

-“How did you notice that? Did you read the newspaper report?”

-“I recognised the landmark.”

As she comes from a city on the Baltic Sea, my next topic was the similarity between the Platt dialects and people on the North and Baltic Seas. She continued munching on her salad, her trolley case next to her.

-“You look like you've just arrived or are about to leave.”

-“I've just arrived.”

Unfortunately, her answers were always curt, matter-of-fact, reserved; at first she called me by the formal “Sie” and didn't look me in the eye. In other words, the conversation was miserable and tortured, even if you couldn't tell from the content. When I then suggested that we could meet in a café, she clearly or even annoyedly declined. It was a superfluous attempt, not worth the time.

Others were friendly but uninterested. One girl was dark blonde – or coloured – but from Spain.

-“Are your ancestors from northern Spain, perhaps descendants of the Visigoths?”

-“Who knows?”

-“Or maybe Ibero-Celts like in Galicia? Celts are not always blonde, but they are light-haired. They also often have freckles. I don't see them on you.”

There was a “nice to meet you”, but no phone number or even a date. Certain circles rant about the old days. But I think I can prove that it wasn't as difficult with girls as it is today and that it was easier to turn a good conversation into something. Today, girls have so much choice that the situation is hopeless for many men.

A young woman apologised for her poor English. She is here with her family and friends from Argentina. She was pleased with my compliment.

I introduced myself and she introduced herself.

-“[redacted]lia is original. I usually hear the English form and the German [redacted]lie.”

Our conversation didn't go any deeper, but she looked on with sympathy. When I suggested we meet in the café, she said:

-“Why not?” but she didn't have WhatsApp and only had an Argentinian phone, which was too expensive for her to use. I was fobbed off with the familiar phrase, which is usually an excuse:

-“When I see you, we'll go for a drink.”

Another said: “I won't give away my number.”

-“It's very unlikely that we'll meet. It almost never happens.”

-“I'm usually here.”

I went back later but couldn't find her.

Then I saw a dark blonde girl sitting alone. She responded to the conversation in a friendly manner and also liked the weather with high waves. Her eyes lit up.

“You look fantastic. That's why I didn't just walk on, but wanted to make your day by telling you that you're beautiful.”

-“You really made my day.”

-“I also wanted to find out what your vibe is like. Your vibe is good.”

We swapped names.

-“Oh, your name sounds fancy. Where are you from?”

-“Finland.”

-“As a child, I loved travelling to Finland with my family. Because I played table tennis with boys there, I can still count in Finnish.”

I recited the first ten numbers.

-“So many numbers.”

Then I raved about the lake district and its logical turnaround, the skerry archipelago. She looked me in the eye and smiled.

“You have a beautiful smile. I smile back. When you shine into the world, the world shines back. Now it's me who returns your smile.”

-“Yes, that's right, the world reflects you.”

I told her how I went from being a mathematician and computer scientist, who was so immersed in logical questions that he couldn't flirt with girls, to becoming an artist in order to develop the human side after logic.

In the middle of the conversation, she pushed off.“

-“I have to get going. Have a nice afternoon.”

-“It's nice with you. We should continue chatting in a café these days. I like your vibe.”

-“I have a boyfriend.”

-“So you have a boyfriend in Finland, or is he here?”

-“He's here.”

-“Have you been together for a long time?”

-“A long time”

-“I'll give you my WhatsApp. If you go your separate ways, send me a message.”

She declined, but beamed and said I'd made her day and she was feeling good. She waved goodbye to me.

Lastly I came across an Italian woman who apologised for her poor English.

-“I understand you well and you understand me.”

She is also studying here via Erasmus and wants to help the homeless, people with problems or drug addicts.

-“It's hard work.”

After she had talked about her work, I introduced mine, from maths to being an artist.

-“Do you also write journalism?” she asked.

-“Yes, that too. I named one article with a Latin/Italian play on words: ‘Bella Italia or Bellum Italiae.’ It's a pun.”

She seemed to like that. Unfortunately, two male friends had just joined us. We greeted them.

-“What are you up to today? We should have a cup of tea or something and chat. We'll practise your English. Good plan.”

-“I don't know yet. I'm travelling with them, but I don't know what they're going to do.”

But she agreed to swap WhatsApp messages and get in touch when she had time or was planning something.

Yesterday or the day before, in a series of rejections, only one woman had been impressed and flattered by my compliment. She smiled girlishly, put her hands together and thanked me, but regretted that she didn't speak English. Despite the rejection, this was one of the few cases where a man-woman polarity was created with a female-girlishly melting woman who, of course, walked on with a polite rejection.

Night: I went out again in the dark. Today is Saturday. Young people are flocking to the nightlife. Maybe I'll finally get lucky there. There were rarely any girls or halfway wrinkle-free women of fertile age out and about on the promenade. If they did, they usually walked in pairs or groups, which I rarely approached because it was usually pointless. Either they don't want to be disturbed, or the girl doesn't dare answer so as not to lose face in front of her friends because she's talking to me old geezer or stunning scrag or fallen out of the world oddball or all of these at once. However, some women hurry at this time of day and look grumpy, as if they want to say: ‘Don't talk to me!’ When I see their grumpy faces, I lose all desire to talk to them. They're the complete opposite of the dressed-up women in the nightlife who make themselves look as voluptuous and attractive as possible, only to ignore or turn down the vast majority of the men they have attracted with a cold head.

Today is the main nightlife day. So I turned in the direction of Catalina Park, where this is supposed to take place. Most people were sitting in groups at outside tables in cafés, pubs and restaurants. A

different buzz of voices surrounded me than on the beach, where the chatter of passers-by dabbled like bubbles through the elemental sounds of crashing waves, wind and nature. The few smartly dressed girls stared at their phones and I didn't feel able to speak to them. I hadn't learnt that; in the nightlife I've always been much more rejected and lost than during the day.

Two girls were standing on the pavement, staring spellbound at a mobile phone and talking animatedly. This is a strange world for me. Even when I was young, I had no idea what to say to them, how to move and behave. The nocturnal, flirtatious girls are more alien to me than unknown beings from an undiscovered planet in a distant galaxy. I can't do it. Gradually, I had lost my way in winding roads that deviated from the rectangular grid. I could forget all about my slogans, taken and modified from instructional videos. These girls wouldn't have given me the short attention span to say them. Instead, I reverted to the safest, albeit most useless, approach: I asked for directions.

-“Where's the beach Catera?” I asked one of three girls with heavy make-up and dressed up for the nightlife. She just looked briefly, then away again, and after a “No lo se.” (“I don't know.”) all three hurried away. This scene had been witnessed by a driver who was standing in the car park next to us with his windows open in the heat.

-“Está seguro” (“It's safe here”) or something similar, the driver reassured the three girls. Apparently they had reacted fearfully because they categorised being approached at night as threatening. I still can't believe it: Girls are afraid of shy beginners of all people, but they are happy to fall for commercial chat-up artists like the flirting instructors and follow them into bed. The world is cruelly unfair! The driver didn't tell me which way to go to my orientation point on the beach. People like to help girls and women, but not men, and certainly not male losers. That would be breaking a taboo.

After this appalling failure, nightlife was over for me. Since my earliest youth, pub talk and disco music have made me sad. Others find girls and have fun – I am excluded and unhappy without a

chance. Others laugh, joke and talk. I keep quiet and want to cry. Others have fun. I am miserable. I am a born incel. I can't do it and I can't learn, because I've never had any good experiences to learn from. I'm completely disorientated when it comes to girls. When it comes to logic, I'm strong. I'm strong in mathematical concepts and programming. Neither quantum physics nor the theory of relativity scare me. But when it comes to girls, I drown, I'm rejected like a little boy. Where others are happy, it's hell for me. At best, I embarrass myself and spoil my reputation. I get funny looks from women who look at me like: 'Oh, not again this creepy guy!' Anyone who is turned down looks embarrassing. Men who are successful with women are admired, desired even more by women and envied by men. But men like me who fail at wooing women are despised by women and men alike.

No more nightlife. V■■■ may approach girls in Toronto at two in the morning and flirt with them so skilfully that he can take them home with him the same night or, conversely, invite himself to her home and go with her. I just can't do it. Just get out of here. So I returned to the beach. As I walked past the Burger King, a group of six or seven girls were sitting there eating. Well, maybe they were still a bit young and teenagers. They were chatting in German. Oh, that makes things easier! Maybe it works here on the bright boulevard, where nobody gets scared when they're spoken to in a friendly way.

-“What have you chosen?” I improvised. Stupid line. Now nothing is happening. No answer from the girls; they just looked dumbfounded.

-“I've heard that you speak German. Where do you come from?” I went on the defensive. Horrified looks and giggles. Just like in the worst days of my youth, when I was always giggled at. Girls can be cruel. Female choice is cruel. But the world is biased, always takes the side of women, doesn't have the slightest sympathy for male losers. Shitty world.

When I arrived at the holiday flat, I wanted to write down the day's experiences and add to what I had left out yesterday about the almost seven-hour conversation with the physically Colombian

woman, whose upbringing was German. But shortly before that, I saw the parade again, which seemed bigger today than yesterday. I also only had a bad picture because I had to run out again yesterday to get my camera, just like today. By then I could only see the rest from behind. Unfortunately, I got lost with my sore foot. To save electricity, I had walked in the dark and scratched my foot and especially my little toe on a sharp protruding wall edge. As the spot in the shoe was pressing, it got worse rather than better. By the time I got back to my flat, following the noise and music of the move with my camera, I had missed it again. The statue of Our Lady had just been carried back into the church. Incidentally, Hindus in India treat statues of their gods in the same way. Catholic and Hindu rites are similar in this respect.

9.10.2022

Today I started walking on the beach. A light-haired woman with a very long visor in front of her cap was walking along the edge of the waves.

-“A chic cap. It'll certainly protect you from the sun.”

She agreed.

-“Fantastic weather, especially for surfers.”

Her face lit up; we chatted briefly. I told her about the pale grey sun the other day, which looked like a huge moon of Saturn.

-“You look fantastic.”

-“Thank you. You made my day.”

-“Where are you from?”

-“I'm from Canada.”

-“That far for a holiday? What are you visiting besides the island?”

-“I have family here.”

-“That's good.”

-“It was nice to meet you.”

-“I like your charisma.”

-“I want to go on now, to my family.”

-“If you ever have time, we should sit down in a café and chat. Do you have WhatsApp?”

-“I'm here with my husband.”

-“Wonderful for you. Have a nice afternoon.”

At the end of this stretch of beach, three young women lay just before the concrete edge. A few metres of beach remained behind them; the rest was covered by the tide.

“Is the tide still rising or is it already ebbing?” I forced myself to ask. My voice was high, unfortunately I am thin and old; as with the previous conversation, I had taken off my shirt and hung it over my camera bag. The two bare-breasted women didn't answer me, but nudged the third, the only one who had covered her breasts with clothes. Although I only looked them in the eye, I heard a scolding remark in Italian or Spanish, which I interpreted as ‘Get lost!’ She gazed after me as if expressing an annoyed question as to whether I was finally scrambling.

Oh, a clumsy male loser with a lack of experience is going through hell. How embarrassing! Do I now look like a harasser because my voice wasn't low enough and my performance was unsure? Feminine instincts punish the decent man, while a few coveted ones revel as if in a garden of paradise. Am I making an immortal fool of myself? Will there soon be talk on the beach about the lanky thin ‘harasser’, even though I was never pushy, but shy? Do I have to stop? I'm at the bottom, finished, at an end on the rocks.

After a short walk round to where the tidal waves were already beating against the concrete wall, I made a wide arc around it to the stairs. A girl was standing at the top, looking.

-“You look stylish.”

She looked coolly dismissive.

-“I wanted to tell you that to ... have a nice day,” I stammered in her rebuff with a too high, insecure beta voice.

-“No, thank you!” she sent me away before disappearing down the stairs.

I'm failing. I'm done for! I just can't do it. It's horrible. Further behind, I praised a slightly younger girl, probably an Erasmus student,

for her stylish dress in white, grey and blue pattern to match the sea. She smiled.

-“I like your smile. The world smiles back. Me too now.”

She was from Spain, I think, if I don't get it mixed up after so many events today.

-“Thank you.”

-“That's why I didn't want to pass by, I wanted to make your day (... to make your day).”

-“You absolutely made my day.”

But she wanted to see friends, not connect with me on WhatsApp. Bright farewell.

“It was nice to meet you.”

I can't buy anything for empty phrases, but I've been hurled into another dimension after the low I just experienced.

Also on the promenade, I approached the next dark blonde girl. She stopped at my “Hey” and smiled so sweetly when she saw my gaze that I threw away my premeditated line at her appearance and spontaneously said into her beam:

-“You smile so nicely. The world smiles back. Now I'm smiling back” and looked her in the eye.

-“Thank you. You look interesting too.”

-“You look like you've just come back from the beach where you've been sunbathing over lunch.”

-“Yes, that's why I have this in my hand. The wind blew our things away.”

-“Oh, I hope you haven't lost anything.”

-“Nothing's gone, but it's crumpled and sandy.”

-“With your dark blonde hair, you're like a sunflower going to sunbathe on the beach.”

-“You said that beautifully,” she beamed.

-“I don't recognise your accent. Where are you from?”

-“From France”

-“And where from? From the north, because of your light-coloured hair?”

- “From north-east France.”

-“Alsace? Lorraine?” I used the French name for the originally German-speaking landscape.

-“Yes, Lorraine. Nancy.” (Again? Are there many from there here, or did I approach the same person twice without realising?)

-“I have Nancy mirabelle plums as a hobby at home.”

-“Yes, mirabelle plums. They're sweet.”

-“Yes, mine are. Also mirabelle plums from Metz, and Hessian ones.”

I then told her how I worked in Hessen.

“What do you do for a living?”

-“I'm studying.”

-“Let me guess. You're here on Erasmus and studying chilling on the beach.”

-“I'm on an Erasmus programme, but I'm chilling in my free time.”

-“I like your smi“le.”

She gleamed.“

“What moves you in life? What do you do apart from studying?”

-“I paint.”

-“Oh, something artistic. We have something in common. I write books.”

-“What kind of books?”

And so on. She then wanted to go on and meet a friend (sex-neutral in English).

-“Then we'll chill together tonight or the next few days.”

-“I have a friend.”

In the meantime, her ‘friend’ – a girl – arrived.

-“Do you have WhatsApp? Send me a message when you're free.”

-“I have a boyfriend,” she explained to me and her friend, “But it was great to meet you. Have a nice rest of the afternoon.”

They walked off in the opposite direction.

Suddenly things were going well, just what they weren't a few days ago, but not well enough either, because there were no results. But finally I see the bright, friendly faces of girls. I'm a bit closer to

the shore, but I'm still drowning because I'm not allowed to enter the harbour.

Another one came towards me, whom I praised for her smile or her stylish outfit. I can't remember exactly where she came from. Was it Italy or Spain again? Or does she live on the island? In any case, she smiled at my compliment. We struggled a bit with the English conversation. Maybe she even took my number, but didn't reply on WhatsApp. I have to type this quickly now, it's about to get dark and I've largely wasted the precious short period of brightness after getting up very late to not forget everything like this third interaction.

Hello, now I remember! The Spanish and Italian girls were yesterday. She was from Estonia.

-“My grandmother was in the Baltic States. Don't you speak a language related to Finnish?”

-“That's what many people think, but it's completely different.”

-“Well, it's a Finno-Ugric language anyway.”

-“Yes, but it's completely different.”

-“What are the first three numbers in your language?”

-“The country dialling code? That's zyx.”

-“No, what are the numbers 1, 2 and three?”

She counted.

-“You see, it's very similar. I went on holiday to Finland as a child. Because I often played table tennis with the boys, I still know the Finnish numbers today. That's what they're called in Finnish: xyz.”

-“Yes, that's similar.”

-“You see.” ... “I like your charisma. We should sit down in a café and chill.”

-“I have to go to work now.”

-“After work or tomorrow.”

-“I work until ten o'clock.”

-“Then another time. I want to get to know you.”

Now she pulled the have-boyfriend card. Maybe she even listened to my number, but I don't know if she saved it. In any case, I didn't receive a message.

I kept walking. A woman with blonde hair and a black cap stood there, her clothes flapping in the wind. I should have told her that the wind was ruffling her dress like a strong breeze on a ship's sail. But my mind was clouded by beta male fear to approach. I waited indecisively, approached her too late and was probably immediately categorised as an old little boy when I said "I like you hair." in a shy, high-pitched voice. That was stupid, a child's prank.

- "I can't understand what you are saying," she said from above in accent-free English. That's how quickly a man can fall from a wonderful conversation with a girl who responds nicely back into the hopeless situation of an inexperienced boy who is rejected by women in a nasty and ice-cold manner.

But I recovered myself. Next, I approached two girls at once, which I had previously avoided because I thought it would be overwhelming and believed that out of consideration for her friend, she would reject me anyway since I looked older than her circle of friends, or she would get impatient and drag her away.

- "The ends of your blonde hair match your blouse."

- "Thank you."

- "You must have coloured the ends, a range of shades. But your hair and eyebrows are light in colour."

Perhaps the following question was directed at her friend; it's been weeks now while proofreading and I can't remember the details, or if I do, I can't remember which conversation they came from.

- "Do you speak English, German?"

- "I speak English, she speaks German."

- "Are you from the north?"

- "I'm from Denmark."

While chatting, I enquired that they were doing 'work and travel' here.

- "Good idea. I did that in Australia."

Ultimately, they wanted to go to work.

- "I also worked in a backpackers' hostel. It's fun, you have to do with travelling."

However, they then said that they were currently working at a jewellery stand.

-“That's good too. Lots of people do that at festivals. It's a nice way to travel or experience a music festival. Do you have WhatsApp?”

-“We don't have a network here. Roaming from home is too expensive for us.”

Now, like Denmark, the island is in the EU, where roaming costs have been severely limited.

-“There is almost always free internet, WiFi or WLAN in the hostel or hotel. So you can use WhatsApp.”

-“We didn't even download it at home.”

That sounds like a lame excuse. Most of them have WhatsApp installed; with WiFi or WLAN you can download it for free here too. Anyway, she typed my number into her mobile phone, but I don't know if she's saved it, and it's doubtful that she'll ever get in touch. So it's highly unlikely. [As usual, she didn't. Proofreading comment.]

A girl came towards me. She was probably still a teenager, too young, but very stylish.

-“Your clothes are very stylish, white, grey and earthy. And a nice motif on the front? Is that a head?”

She showed the motif on her blouse, just above her stomach. It was impressive.

-“Oh, a demon! Nicely done.”

She was pleased, but said she had to leave.

Finally, as before, I approached a young woman from Birmingham after a bend in the road so as not to attract too much attention. She'd only arrived a few days ago, but now lives here.

-“Good idea to escape the winter and live here on a beautiful beach.”

We chatted for a while, but I can't remember exactly what we talked about. It's already dawn. I've missed the best time of the day with the best chances with girls. Get out quickly!

The British expatriate turned down meetings and WhatsApp despite smiling and talking nicely because she moved here with her boyfriend.

-“Ah, you have a boyfriend! Wonderful for you, rather unlucky for me.”

-“M-a-y-b-e” she replied, stretched and sceptical. Presumably she meant to say that I was out of the question for her anyway, being too old, too thin and so on.

One of the women I mentioned said that she was only here for a few days to spend time with friends she hadn't seen for a year. That's why she didn't have time for a meeting; she could only do that on a longer holiday.

-“Then make it a longer holiday.”

Two of the women said that they worked via the internet, that they could work from anywhere.

-“Ah, you're a digital nomad.”

-“So to speak.”

-“Me too. Even in Bali, I met people who worked from there via their laptops.”

While looking for a restaurant, a woman walked past with a phone in her hand and a bowknot on her forehead.

-“Nice ribbon.”

-“Thank you.”

-“You seem to have taken a lot of pictures.”

-“I'm sorry, I don't understand. I'm from Valencia.”

-“I've been to Valencia too. It's a beautiful city.”

-“I don't know. I'm sorry.”

Now I have to stop writing, otherwise I have no chance of success today.

Night: I went out again with my camera in case the procession took place again today. On the beach, the few discrete girls and young

women hurried past very quickly, mostly glued to their mobile phones. I didn't manage to speak to them before they had passed, nor did I want to turn round and run after them in the dark because that might make a bad impression. Then I bent off into the nightlife neighbourhood of Catalina Park. As streets began to curve again, breaking out of the rectangular pattern, I was no longer sure of my position and asked a woman for directions. Unlike yesterday, this went well. The no longer young, middle-aged woman stopped, pulled out her phone and pointed in the direction of the beach, from which it is easy to find the overview and course. Then I asked about her accent and where she was from.

-“I try to speak without an accent now so that you understand well. I immigrated to Great Britain from Russia a long time ago.”

She is here on holiday to visit friends.

-“Thank you, I'll find my way back from the beach.”

-“Have a nice evening then.”

-“Have a nice evening too.”

She had already turned round and taken a step further. Embarrassed smiles on both sides. Perhaps I could have suggested sitting down in a café and chatting, but it could also have been absurd and inappropriate. I don't know.

Back on the promenade, I tried again.

-“I like your style.”

That went wrong. She kept walking, avoiding me, even though I wasn't in her way at all, but standing two metres next to her. Embarrassing again. It's so hard to get it right with women. Bloody difficult. Too difficult.

10.10.2022

My stomach had been queasy since yesterday. In the early evening the day before I had goose bumps on my arms and legs. Something was wrong. Despite the local warmth, I needed both parts of my pyjamas for the first time. All the more surprising that I was able to chat to so many people yesterday and strike up a conversation. Or maybe that's why? Did an upset stomach and goose bumps break me

of habits that stem from decades of being repelled and cause renewed refusing? Or did they simply notice less effort on my part, which is more appealing to women because I was struggling with physical impairment and couldn't get so caught up in my endeavours?

Day: This morning I was nauseous; I lay in a twilight state between waking and sleeping, waiting for it to get better. That's why I had to pee more often, as I tend to do when my stomach is upset and too much water is excreted, which makes my stomach over-acidify, which is probably the reason for the nausea. I then have to drink a lot to remedy the mishap, but I'm not thirsty, so I have to force myself to drink large quantities. Hence, I didn't get out until shortly before three in the afternoon when I had recovered and prepared, just like yesterday. This left very little time to approach.

Although I often started with a compliment, often with a situational reference to her appearance, her movements or reactions, it didn't turn into a real flirt. I still have to learn that. On the way to the beach, an elegantly dressed woman in a cap came towards me. It was only when she was close to me that I realised she was young and beautiful. She also gave me a look that seemed warm and probably lasted a second, whereas normally women often look away, walk as if they hadn't seen me or even turn away. I was still thinking and unable to react so quickly. My moment of shock exceeded the duration of her gaze; it was already over, the opportunity missed. My brain was blank; I knew I should say something, but I had no idea what. This may sometimes also happen to experienced people: I wasn't warm yet. A pity!

I spoke to a woman on the beach. I've forgotten the wording after many attempts at conversation, but it could have been:

-“A wonderful day today; good for surfing and swimming.”

-“Yes”

-“Are you on holiday or do you work here?”

(The second sentence should have been more personal and emotional.) My short-term memory was better so far. I memorised words

and sentences exactly, but then I was trapped in my intellectual world. Now I let go of this because intellect repels women. When I am present in the moment, I respond better or more effectively not only verbally, but also with my feelings and body. My progress with women is a step backwards in terms of intellect and memory, which is no longer photographically accurate, but rather depicts impressions in a vague way. So my readers won't know if she's on holiday or lives here because I've forgotten.

-“Do you speak English or German?”

-“English”

-“What is your mother tongue?”

-“English”

After my next question, she said:

“I'm sorry, I don't understand English that well.”

-“You'll speak your mother tongue fluently.”

-“We speak Spanish at home.”

-“So Spanish is your mother tongue.”

The conversation was a little tedious, as it had been in the early days, when a black-haired Latino woman I complimented thanked me with a girlishly sweet expression and a gentle apologetic arm gesture. “Gracias ... No entiendo”, with which she floated on angelically. We talked about our professions and travelling, during which she apologised several times for her English. When I tried to make the conversation more personal and arrange a meeting, she said she didn't want to interrupt the conversation but had to make a call. She talked into her phone for a long time, pacing through the waves. I wanted to tell her what I'd said to a woman yesterday: -‘That's a blatant picture! You're standing with your feet in the water and talking on the phone.’ Yet this idea fizzled out unused, since she moved further away and continued talking into her device. At first I kept my distance because it sounded as if she wanted to continue talking to me afterwards. But it was probably a polite excuse to break off our conversation, perhaps because she realised that I wanted to make her acquaintance. I experienced the same behaviour several times yesterday and today and I have to include it among the methods of turning me down.

Many girls walk around with their phones in their hands, even use them, rarely have eyes for the world or men like me. They are lost to a digital world.

Today I didn't go to women lying on the beach. That's more difficult for me, even if young, attractive men demonstrate how they manage it in YouTube videos. One Latino even laid down cheekily – casually – next to two light-coloured girls before approaching them. But what young, attractive cheeky guys can get away with and even succeed at, would cause me dangerous awkwardness.

I approached a girl with a surfboard under her arm.

-“It's good weather for surfing today.”

-“Yes, excellent.”

-“Yesterday I saw a whole class from a surf academy here. Then snorkellers.”

-“That's a bit quieter.”

-“Unfortunately, I don't have an underwater camera.”

-“Do you surf too?”

-“As a beginner, I'd probably fall off the board a few times first.”

Unfortunately, we had reached the stairs where she was now turning off towards the sea.

-“You have a good smile.”

She popped out an ear“piece.

-“What kind of music do you listen to?”

-“I'm listening to a podcast, not music.”

-“Oh what?”

She mentioned a name.

-“I don't know it. I'm not big on names. What does he do?”

-“Comedy”

-“Oh, that's why you had a hint of a smile!”

In the meantime, I had learnt that she was from Germany.

-“Oh, we can speak in our mother tongue,” I threw in one of my conversation starters. She then wanted to move on to meet friends,

which is a common farewell by women who want to end a conversation.

-“Your boyfriend or friends?”

-“Friends”

-“Let's continue chatting and chilling in a café later or tomorrow.”

She didn't want to do that, didn't want to give out a WhatsApp number, or said she'd switched off her device because she had a foreign number and roaming was too expensive. In any case, I've heard the same thing several times today, I just can't remember accurately who it was in each case.

I've probably forgotten a few attempts, partly because she didn't react much or there was nothing unusual in the course of the chat. Yesterday or today, while descending a staircase to the beach, I came across a girl sitting on the railing, later standing there.

-“You have a nice colourful bag. What's the motif?”

She was probably still a bit too young, still a teenager, and showed the bag.

-“Oh, that's an Indian or Tibetan bag.”

She said the name of the shop, but I've forgotten it because it's hard for me to remember unfamiliar words in foreign languages.

-“I got that from the xxx shop there.”

She pointed the direction with one arm.

I read off -“Namaste” and another Indian word that is often used by esotericists.

“Ah, a bull. Is that Nandu, Shiva's mount? That's a monkey riding a bull!”

She looked. -“Yes, a monkey is riding.” That was as far as the talk went. She probably wasn't mentally mature enough for that.

Later, I met a woman on the edge of the promenade who I also asked about her bag.

-“You have a beautifully coloured bag.”

However, the conversation got stuck after a few exchanges of sentences. Perhaps she then pulled out the -“I have boyfriend” card.

I spoke to a third woman today about her bag made like a large flat basket, which resembled the colour of the sand.

-“Your bag matches the beach.”

-“Thank you”

We chatted as we walked. Since I was walking in the same direction, I stayed next to her while we talked. After usual questions about her stay, chatting about the attraction of European islands off Africa due to their warm weather even in winter and the beaches, activities and profession, I slipped in compliments, calling her style elegant. If I remember correctly, it was she who teaches Spanish to Italians here, but it could also have been the profession of the next one – you see, I get confused with all these women without having had a single success. She said she wanted to go to friends or family. When I suggested chatting in a café later, she replied that she wanted to go to dinner. She would be there soon. Her friends and husband were already waiting there. So I wished her a nice evening.

Don't hit me if I've forgotten something. At some point, a woman in bright red was walking. Not that I was looking for bright red, but she looked open. I didn't talk to her about her red skirt or her red hair, but when I stood in front of her, I saw a tattoo on her thigh, so I spontaneously changed my mind.

-“You have an interesting tattoo. What does it represent? A face?”

She replied several times with a word beginning with ‘A’, but I couldn't understand it. Her mother tongue is Italian, as she comes from Rome.

“Is that a devil or a guardian?” I asked.

-“Lucifer”

-“Oh well, you're an original person with an unusual appearance. What's the tattoo on your other leg?”

Because it was mostly covered, she showed more of it.

-“It's roses.”

-“You obviously have a diabolical and a rosy side.”

I looked her in the eye, introduced myself, she introduced herself too and gave me her hand, which I held a little longer than necessary

and stroked her thumb because her gaze was open and she didn't pull her hand away.

-“What are the marks on your fingers?”

I stroked her patterns with my index finger on one hand while I held hers with the other.

-“They're just patterns.”

-“They look like letters or runes. Do they have a meaning?”

-“I'm sure they do.”

She had moved to the island four days ago. She listens to rock and techno, among other things. Unfortunately, I forgot to add that Berlin is known as a techno city. I only mentioned my profession just before the end.

-“We should continue talking in the café. It was nice talking to you. Tonight at nine or tomorrow?”

-“Not today. I'm on my way home where I have to look after the dog.”

-“Tomorrow then. When are you free?”

-“I'm sure I'll see you at some point. I'm here more often.”

I've heard that saying many times. It was always goodbye.

-“That's extremely unlikely in a big city and on such a long beach. Do you have WhatsApp?”

-“Not here. I still have an Italian number, no network here and switched off. Foreign numbers are so expensive.”

Since yesterday, girls have often been telling me that their phones are switched off. Should I believe it?

-“You don't need a domestic number for WhatsApp. It works over the internet and is free.”

-“But I don't have internet here.”

-“That's unusual. Most hostels, hotels and accommodations have wifi.”

-“Not in my flat.”

-“Many cafés and restaurants have wifi.”

I couldn't get away with it.

“How do we communicate? Send me a message when you're free. Do you have an email?”

-“Yes”

I don't understand that either. How does she want to check her email without an internet connection?

-“Then we'll swap email addresses.”

She agreed to that.

“Have you got a pen? I haven't got anything with me.”

She replied – “I'm afraid not” and made a gesture to the same effect.

-“Paper?”

-“Neither.”

-“Wait. I'll ask for a pen over there in the café.”

She came with me. A member of staff was standing in the entrance smoking, so I kept my distance.

-“Could you lend me a pen?”

In the tourism industry, they usually understand English well. He said yes and pointed to the front, where there was a compartment with a pile of promotional pens. I took one and went to her; she had been waiting outside the entrance. We sat down on a long, flat wooden bench – or maybe it was just the edging of plants or a playground, made to look like a bench all the way round. I gave her the pen and she wrote. I clarified where the dots were in her email address. That was a good thing, because I had read a dot under a number, but it was supposed to be a dash and part of the number. I wrote mine underneath, tore the paper towel apart and gave her my email. Like me, she read it to see if she recognised everything. As she wrote, her hand had touched mine without hesitation. I took that as a good sign, although I'm not sure whether it was a sign of attraction or simply a custom in her circles.

-“Let's see if I can handle your half-devilish, half-rosey aura,” I had joked.

Night:

Dusk was setting in again as I set off on my evening rounds. I'd had my first proper meal of the day after the bout of nausea.

A beautiful dark-blond girl was walking along the promenade. I had let quite a few pass by because I was too surprised to react in

time, didn't want to turn round here, which is less noticeable in big cities like Berlin, they looked away or stubbornly looked straight ahead, or instead of Hans-Head-in-the-Air they were Phoebe-staring-at-her-Phone.

-“Hey.”

She unplugged one ear.

“Excuse me, but I wanted to tell you that I think your outfit is chic.”

She looked surprised, looked down at herself, made a gesture like ‘What's special or chic about that?’

At least she smiled nicely, which I told her.

“Where are you from?”

-“France”

-“Northern France?”

-“Nîmes. That's between Marseille and Bordeaux,” she explained.

-“Ah, midi de la France.”

-“Not from the centre, from the south.”

-“I thought ‘midi de la France’ was synonymous with the south of France.”

She paused.

-“I didn't even recognise that word. I thought you said something about ‘centre’.”

I tried to pick up on the topic, but I was clumsy. As in the past, I was too factual, too intellectual. That doesn't just turn girls off sexually, it actually scares them off.

-“I had French at school, but I didn't have the opportunity to practise it and forgot a lot. Besides, I'm more of a book person than a writer, who grasps written words better than spoken ones. I can stop and think in the text.”

-“I feel the same way. I can read Spanish texts more easily than I can understand them by listening.”

So far it was sober and free of flirtation, a tactical mistake, as my teachers will tell me, but at least it was still a reasonably good social conversation. But now I was slipping. It's better to change topics,

unless you have something tingly and exciting for girls that appeals to their emotions. Girls don't choose men with a rational mind, but with instincts. To sugarcoat it, this means they choose with emotion. However, these are not the romantic feelings from the narrative of classic Western culture, but half animallike instincts, half instincts left behind in the Stone Age, of which we are hardly aware, least of all the girls and women themselves.

Changing the subject already brings tension. Pick-up artists often deliberately flit associatively from one topic to another. Their success is to get through to girls. The unworldly intellectual like me is shunned, rejected, given no chance of fertilisation. So I stuck to the subject of language.

-“I find it difficult to understand spoken French in particular. Consonants at the end of words remain silent. Then I often don't recognise the word.”

-“I find it harder to understand spoken Spanish. It's pronounced very differently somehow.”

She made a Spanish sound that doesn't exist in French.

-“Spanish pronunciation is actually very easy, just like writing. You will have had more trouble learning English, because they pronounce vowels very differently to how they write them, and French and English bite each other and are pronounced very disparately.”

She replied that Spanish was difficult for her.

-“The grammar of Spanish is very similar to French.”

She didn't think so. As I realised afterwards, I had initiated a dry, academic conversation instead of a nice flirtation. Although she smiled nicely, which I told her as a compliment, I began to falter at the latest when touching the subject of language.

“In the Baroque era, the consonants that are silent today were still pronounced at the end of words, at least in opera, when singing and when speaking at court. I recognised the words better in an authentic French baroque opera than in today's pronunciation.”

-“I once went to the opera. The pronunciation was actually the same as usual.”

-“Certainly today. I heard an authentic performance. It wasn't just the music that was authentic, but also the language, the way it was performed back then.”

-“I don't know anything about that.”

Now I was about to show education and for me interesting ideas of my own, which are incomprehensible to a girl of our time who is no longer classically educated, or whose value they do not realise. Intellectual conversations of this kind fit into past worlds, but not our time.

-“Not only in baroque opera, but also in chanson, consonants were sung at the end.”

-“Chansons today are just like the way we speak. French songs are also quite aggressive.”

-“I listened to chansons from the 1960s and early 1970s on YouTube. They had very poetic and deep lyrics, written by a poet, then set to music by a composer, sung by a chanteuse. At that time, consonants were often sung along at the end. Maybe not today. Did you say ‘aggressive’?”

-“Yes, aggressive. If you don't understand the lyrics, you don't realise it. It was still okay in the 1960s.”

She veered.

“I'm going home now.”

I just kept walking beside her. I didn't dare in the past; this was a new, still awkward attempt. It was obviously unexpected; I should have said or asked something. Although our conversation continued, she had probably become suspicious.

-“Where are you actually going?” she asked after a few hundred metres.

-„Home, towards Isletta, on the left.”

-“What are you doing there?”

-“There's my flat.”

It was clear that I should turn in a different direction. I didn't get a WhatsApp from her. No, she didn't want that. With a

-“Nice to meet you” she waved me off. So I turned left, but later diverted to take the familiar and more interesting route home along the promenade.

A girl looked at me and smiled broadly. More precisely, her smile became wide and strong as she looked at me, so that I related it to myself. It often happens that someone just happens to be smiling, which is then misinterpreted. It has also happened to me that I was beaming and girls felt smiled at, although they were not the cause of my gleaming. In contrast to this morning, I was warm, mobile, without stomach ache.

-“You show me a beautiful smile,” I told her. That was a feat, because she was one or two steps ahead of me when she smiled, and we were walking towards each other. So a very quick reaction was needed. When she wanted to move on, I suggested we talk in a café.

She refused, replying -“It's too late” and disappeared never to be seen again. Good girls are obviously no longer prepared to talk to a strange man at nine o'clock, even if they have smiled at him.

Not only on the beach, but also in the city, such as Catalina Park, there were a number of couples in the form of male boat intruders with European women, out and about or in cafés or on benches. The reverse is much rarer, but more common than in Berlin, presumably because many local men don't stand a chance with the local girls who have become so difficult to date. This rarer case should therefore be assessed differently to girls who create and despise local male losers and then throw themselves at strangers who seem more interesting to them than men from their own culture.

11.10.2022

The “I have boyfriend or husband” card was pulled on me probably half a dozen times today.

I started walking shirtless on the beach to get some sun on my skin so that my summer tan from gardening in the north wouldn't fade in the subtropical sun when I'm always wearing clothes. There was no opportunity there, because I don't want to appear pushy and spoil my reputation. Although flirting masters preach that we have to develop the feeling that we don't care about anything and simply approach every girl in order to be successful – even a master tries between 20

and 50 a day, I don't follow any scam or ideology, but my own heart and mind. Most people here only speak Spanish, which I unfortunately don't master, and this beach district is simply too small for such tactics.

A woman was reading a book on her towel in the sand, but she was older and probably married with children. At no point today did I feel like having a go on the beach. Intuition may often slow me down when it whispers that it's all pointless and I just can't do it, but sometimes it's right and protects me from senseless self-harm. Then I saw a woman reading on the promenade. Walking up to her seemed less intrusive than walking up to a bare-breasted woman sunbathing on the beach. Perhaps more experienced people can do that, but I'd rather not now.

-“You're reading a book. That's nice. I like books and I write them myself.”

She barely reacted. My explanation was too long and turned into an apology. I was already on the losing track. I asked her again.

-“What are you reading?”

She tried to translate from Spanish into English.

-“How to change your...”

-“change your ...?”

-“change your mind.”

She didn't look like she wanted to talk to me. It was time to leave.

-“You look like you'd rather be reading. Have a nice afternoon.”

-“Thank you.”

This ‘thank you’ didn't shine either. I even thought it was quite possible that it was rather a hint than a book title. But that was probably just my imagination. In any case, it was a bumpy start. After that, it was like the last few days: smooth on a social level, but not at all sexual.

A young woman sat with her Apple computer on one of the many white double benches that line the railing to the embankment.

-“Even on the beach, you're working.”

-“I do my job here. I can do it anywhere while travelling.”

-“Fine. You can work anywhere and sunbathe on the beach.”

-“Yes.”

-“By the way, your apple is bitten. There's a piece missing that someone bit off.”

I don't know if she understood the joke about Apple's emblem, a bitten into apple.

“I'm also a digital nomad, I can work from anywhere. But I've left my computer in the flat. Sand could get into it.”

-“That's why I'm sitting up here, not downstairs.”

I showed her a lens.

-“The other day I was on the beach with my camera and sat down. The sand got into my camera bag. If a grain gets into the lens thread, that's not so good. Krrrk. Krrrk.” I said onomatopoeic, zoom in hand.

I've forgotten where she was from, but we discussed it. I mentioned that when travelling the world, I'd met people on islands with their laptops in cafés with wifi, internet cafés or open-plan offices for digital nomads.

She folded up her sand-free Apple to go to a café where friends were waiting for her.

-“We can meet in a café later and chat.”

-“I have a friend” or “I'm going straight to my husband's”.

Just now I got the first friend-card.

The second follows. Life is hard.

A girl was sitting on such a bench one bend further on, staring at her mobile phone.

-“You're sitting on a beautiful beach, staring at your phone, lost to the world,” I began.

-“I hardly speak / no English.”

Now my memory is starting to fail again; I'm not sure if she pulled out the second “boyfriend card” or if I wished her a nice afternoon after the “no English” card.

As I walked on, two older ladies in the café burst out laughing. They had probably witnessed several of my attempts to speak to girls. Things are getting dicey. This is not an anonymous city, and even there it's a good idea to move between different neighbourhoods.

I only remember that a third conversation followed along similar lines, but I don't know whether I chose the "You're mesmerised by your phone" approach again or started with a compliment. Although there are people who claim that, with practice, you can get somewhere with women who scurry past and pay no attention to you, this hardly applies to me. If they look away, stare at me disdainfully or stare straight ahead after noticing me, these are signs of clear rejection. It takes a professional to overcome this and pull it round. It could only work if they haven't noticed me. But at the moment I'm looking for the silver bullet, waiting for inviting, friendly glances, which often arrive so late that girls have already walked past by the time I've noticed and can react, and on top of that I've already experienced so many rejections that I'm in too bad a shape to take advantage of opportunities. Maybe I said to one -"You have a nice smile." or "A beautiful day [or good weather for surfing] at the beach."

Anyway, she replied. I learnt that she had also moved here, where she came from. The second Roman in three days!

-“A big city. There must be a lot going on. I moved to Berlin.”

What topics did I focus on this time? Good question! Every now and then I passed a compliment about their nice laugh or smile, which women now give me more often. At least socially, I'm making progress. Sexually, I'm still behind the times.

-“It was nice to meet you and talk to you.”

-“Yes, I think so too. We should meet up later and continue chatting in a café.”

She also had a husband or boyfriend.

Confusion, confusion! Anyone who gets involved in the game of banter, flirting or the dance of the sexes has to leave logic at the cloakroom. Now I remember the third conversation. What I mentioned above are true text modules that fell off today, but not in this context.

Yes, I met a second Roman woman later. Yes, I said all of the above, but to others.

The third was an almost blonde young woman who was sitting alone on one of the white benches that I have obviously favoured over the last few days. It's just easier than deciding in a fraction of a second whether a girl looks arrogant, dismissive, contemptuous, whether a stare or an angry expression appears in tiny traces when she notices me, or whether she reacts in a friendly, nice or even sweet way, or is in one of those basic moods. Depending on the situation, I have to look away casually and move on or react immediately. Because reacting too late, or even hesitating briefly, usually results in clear rejection.

The woman was young, or the girl was mature, beautiful and blonde. Next to her were shopping bags on white-painted flat benches made of several rows of slats. However, I didn't know what she looked like because I had only seen her from behind. I didn't act immediately, breaking a rule, but I was lucky that she couldn't see me either and therefore didn't notice my hesitation. A hesitation that the woman can neither see nor feel doesn't count. I walked down the stairs beside the bench. I saw her from the side. Oh, she's fantastic, I have to go there! I walked casually down to the beach, as if I had planned to do so.

I looked at the evening sky, wisps of clouds with holes and hanks through which islands of blue sky or streaks of pale light glistened. Then I swang round as if that had been my plan anyway, wandered up the steps, looked for the girl who was just sitting behind the shopping bags. Now she saw me, but it didn't matter: I hadn't hesitated, but stepped leisurely in front of her when I reached the top again.

-“A wonderful evening atmosphere – until recently,” I said. The colours were just beginning to fade.

-“Yes, very nice.”

-“Are you on holiday or studying here?”

-“I live here.”

-“With your dark blonde hair, I could have imagined you were from Central Europe.”

-“I'm from Lithuania, but I've been here for five years.”

-“Five years is a long time! I've often changed and developed in a year, I'm not the same as I was before.”

-“That's probably because the seasons hardly change. Almost everything stays the same.”

-“In five years you have gained a much deeper insight than after a holiday of a few weeks. At first you only see the surface, later what's underneath.”

-“It's a very peaceful island.”

-“Really? After such a long time?”

-“The people live together quite peacefully.”

That surprised me; the tone is loud and rough; problems drift across the sea – but I wisely refrained from saying so. It's not just men's voices that are louder and rougher here than in the north, women's too, so roughness is not a male characteristic, it doesn't create polarity with girls. Rock music had the same problem, because women also roared, forgetting the soft-voiced melodies of old songs.

-“My grandmother was in the Baltic States. I've seen old pictures of old houses. They had such a pointed gable, probably so that snow would slide off.”

I formed a very high roof with my hands.

-“Yes, it holds up well in the snow.”

-“You could build several floors of storage space under the gable, I imagine, given the height. You'll have short days in winter. Just like in Königsberg.”

-“But it's also very nice when it snows.”

-“Yet it can get very hot here in summer.”

-“Then we'll be with the grandparents in Latvia.”

-“That sounds good, I could do that too.”

Now I praised her charisma and smile. We talked about our professions. My voice is probably not yet deep and crisp enough, but I hope to speak from the diaphragm now, to move my stomach with feeling, which is why my speech sounds soulful.

We talked about digital nomads, which we both are (again – I seem to be addressing mostly newcomers from Europe, female students and digital nomads). In this context, I mentioned Bali again,

where I had seen many expats and travellers pursuing their gainful employment from somewhere via the internet. Her eyes lit up.

-“Have you been to Bali?”

-“Yes; I wrote a book ‘Bali – enchanting island’ about it.”

-“Bali is my dream.”

-“Have you already been to Bali?”

-“No, but I've been dreaming of visiting Bali for a long time. Which island do you prefer, this one or Bali?”

-“It's difficult to compare. Both are beautiful. Bali is beautiful; I've discovered and learnt a lot there, but it's a foreign culture. Here I'm in Europe and a bit at home, even if I don't speak Spanish yet. It's hard to compare.”

-“How long were you in Bali?”

-“Not that long, but long enough to experience the island's biggest religious festivals and celebrations.”

-“What do you write about in your books?”

-“About life, travelling, countries, philosophy and relationships. In the Bali book, I compared the pre-Christian culture of Europe with ancient Hinduism, as it has survived to this day in the island location of Bali.”

-“I have been here for five years. The time has flown by very quickly.”

-“A lot is happening in my life. I am very different today than I was a year ago. It's a constant development. A year is a long time.”

-“Maybe time has flown by so quickly because there are no seasons here. It's all the same.”

-“That's even more true for a tropical island like Bali. It's not far from the equator. That's why the position of the sun is similar in every season. However, there are two monsoons a year there. So an ancient Balinese calendar combined a monsoon and a dry season into one year. Two ancient Balinese years then equalled one of our solar years.”

-“How do you know that?”

-“I read it in old books. It also said that an ancient Balinese calendar divided the month into seven weeks of four days instead of four weeks of seven days like our weeks.”

-“Is that still the case in Bali today?”

-“No, it was an old Balinese calendar that has fallen into disuse.”

When I suggested a meeting, she pulled out the friend card. Her boyfriend was coming too. She must have seen him coming because he arrived shortly afterwards. I finished my last sentence about Bali and wished her a nice afternoon as I walked away.

-“Thank you. Have a nice afternoon too.”

I immediately got the brush-off twice; then I bent into side streets so as not to be ‘burnt’ in the eyes of bystanders when they saw me approaching the next one. Successful masters may not care, but I’m the opposite and have to maintain a certain caution or I’ll soon be warned off.

The first time I veered, I quickly returned to another section of the beach. Eventually I reached the end, at the music academy with its strange tower, behind which the giant rocky shore begins. There was a girl sitting in front, a boat intruder not far away and two women behind his back. A PuA would probably have approached twice, first the one and then the two other. I had to choose and made the wrong decision. I didn’t want to teach an immigrant to the land of milk and honey from a crowd that creates a surplus of men here. So I visited the two of them behind his back. They were talking to each other in German. I improvised, as they weren’t paying any attention to me and were probably mother and elder daughter, or perhaps friends.

-“I just heard you two speaking German. We can converse well in our mother tongue.”

They looked kind of odd.

-“I’ve spoken to you before, by the way,” said the older one, perhaps her mother. They gazed further away.

-“The tide must be starting to fall,” I tried to save the day. Silence.

“Well then, have a good one...” the beaten valiant knight scarpered.

Oh man, that’s embarrassing! Now I have addressed some people here for the second time! This only spoils one’s reputation without achieving anything. The neighbourhood is simply too small for such

an approach. I turned away for the second time, and a little later I went to see if I could find an internet café in the Catalina Park neighbourhood where I could have my boarding passes printed out. The word is unknown to most Spaniards, however. Perhaps there are hardly any left because most of them have the internet on their mobile phones these days. I could have saved myself the time and the journey: Self-printed boarding passes were later ignored on departure.

My walk through the central district of Catalina Park didn't yield any results in the search for an internet café, but at some point a girl in colourful clothes and medium-light hair walked past. Here, in a side street where my every move can't be observed by always the same beach crowd, I dared to: like in a YouTube video, I quietly followed her quickly, like a race walker, and then overtook her at a leisurely stroll. I looked at her; she looked nice. It wasn't one of those "Don't look at me!" or "Don't talk to me!" looks as with some of the beach chic crowd.

-“You're wearing chic clothes with colourful ornaments. Even your bag matches.”

-“Thank you.”

-“Are you on holiday here too?”

-“Yes. I'm enjoying the weather.”

-“That's why I'm here – to escape the cold, wet autumn weather.”

I asked her that she was here from the UK and what she did for a living.

-“Work,” one of the others had answered today.

“We all do, those who are self-employed usually do more than others.”

But I had asked her -“And what moves you in life when you're not hanging out on holiday?”

Well, something, answer forgotten.

-“And what do you do?” she asked back.

-“Guess what I do.”

I peered into her eyes and saw a warm glint. Incidentally, both are rare words, which are unfortunately threatened with extinction in uneducated times.

-“I don't know.”

-“Just guess.”

She looked at me. -“Something artistic?”

-“Precisely! I originally did maths.”

-“Wow. That's hard.”

-“Then I did programming, building worlds out of zeros and ones. Soon there will be quantum computers. They'll have more states than 0 and 1, plus superpositions. We are living in very interesting times. Many things are developing very quickly, especially in quantum physics.”

-“Interesting”

She wanted to move along.

„I have to go there to meet friends. Nice to meet you.”

-“Yes, it's very nice to talk to you. We should continue this later, sit down somewhere and chill out.”

-“I'm sure it'll work out somehow.”

-“Do you have WhatsApp?”

-“Yes”

She added me.

-“Find me on WhatsApp and send me a text message.”

-“Oh, your profile picture. Cool!”

-“I write books now, by the way.”

-“Oh, really cool. See you around.”

-“Yes, see you!”

As usual, she didn't reply later. Only the one with the punk cut from Rome sent a line saying she was just starting to listen to a concert as an excuse as to why she didn't have time. After that, she also fell silent.

Afternoon round:

I had lunch on the way. Shortly before the end of my holiday, I discovered the best cheap restaurant. Much larger portions, well prepared, for the same price, better and bigger dessert. Although it wasn't the ‘Portuguese fish’ I know from the Azores, where plaice-like fillets were very lightly fried, almost raw on the inside, still very tender and

rich in protein, but pieces of sea fish, as you get them frozen, yet good to fill you up.

I approached a girl about her stylish bag and clothes, which matched in colour. She gave me a friendly smile and a brief chat until she pulled out the friend card when I suggested we sit in a café somewhere. Anyway, she radiated warmth.

Maybe I should think of alternatives, because I had to write down ‘café’ too often. Shortly afterwards, a girl in two similar shades of green came by.

-“You have an elegant colour combination – two different shades of light green.”

-“Thank you.”

The conversation with her was ultra-short, then the boyfriend card fell.

Just before the flat, one last attempt to turn the day around. In front of me walked a black-haired Latina in a stylish white skirt that ended in long fringes at the bottom.

-“An attractive skirt, like a curtain,” I said.

She replied -“Thank you”, but not in a friendly tone. Small nuances of voice give such a word very different meanings.

On previous days, people who rent flats here on a temporary basis have spoken in loud southern voices in the entrance or corridor. The voices are often louder than is usual in everyday life in Central or Northern Europe. Someone whistled in the street to get someone at a distance so that I covered my ears. Why the neighbours have to hold their private conversations loudly in the hallway instead of in their flat is beyond me. Southern European mentality. Even today, after much mixing, such differences are still recognisable. Tonight my neighbour was cooking fish or paella with the front door open, so that the intense fumes drifted into the hallway.

When I approached a girl dressed in black yesterday and praised the elegance of her dress, I immediately added that it could get very hot in the heat of the sun.

-“Yes, that's true. But I can handle that.”

I told her how I can cope with heat because of my stature, how I walk around with two rucksacks in tropical heat, that some people mock me for being like a pack mule, but that I would probably suffer frostbite in Antarctica. Polar skimo used to have a good layer of blubber to protect themselves against the deep frost.

-“In the tropics, I've seen black-painted cars standing in the sun. You could have fried eggs on the roof pan.”

Today is my last day before departure. Soon I have to organise my return journey. My morning walk was spontaneous and without a camera, because I thought I had already grazed the surrounding area with pictures. But then I turned off towards the northern tip and saw undercut lava rock arches. On the way, I came across a medium-brown-haired but bleached girl who made a nice impression. So I didn't hesitate and said as she walked past me, while I stood calmly at a distance:

-“You look like a sunflower with your light-coloured hair.”

-“Thank you”

-“Are you on holiday or do you live here?”

-“I'm on vacation.”

-“Just like me. Where are you from?”

-“From Rome.”

-“Oh, it's a big city. There must always be something going on, lots of events. I'm from Berlin,” was my conversation starter.

She smiled kindly and warmly, as young women rarely do these days, and looked me openly in the eye. However, she was wearing braces, so she was probably too young for me, still in her teens, although I would have guessed she was in her early twenties from her looks. She then said she had to move on now, but it had been a very nice conversation. I didn't suggest meeting her because I wasn't sure whether she was old enough. Of course I could have asked her age, as PuA likes to do, but because she would then be invited to ask me back

how old I am, I let it go so as not to spoil all chances. Because no young woman will consider me if she realises my age. I hope she won't feel it because I'm very healthy and act young, I'm mentally and physically fit and agile, and I can move well and feel comfortable among her peers.

Back on the promenade, a very feminine young woman floated past with equally feminine springy steps, elegantly dressed in light green, with a plump bosom at the neckline but without being physically fat, a young, beautiful face and light-coloured hair. In a way, she was a dream that I had hardly been able to desire because I lacked the self-confidence to be considered for such a beauty, to even have a chance with her. I first have to learn to allow the physical and emotional desire for women and girls that I really like, which has been stifled by my failures, rejections and self-doubt.

I resolved to do better next time, to go to her immediately to say in a firm belly voice in an upright posture:

-“Sorry! It may be unusual, but I find your style elegant and you attractive. So I didn't want to walk past, I wanted to talk to you to see what your vibe is like.” I would like to think about this and other phrases of this kind in future, remember them and use them when no spontaneous idea comes to mind.

I saw a young runner on the beach but didn't say anything. Today I'm being reserved on the beach, I just want to soak up the sun one last time and tan my skin. Then she returned, drifting in the opposite direction.

-“You seem to be enjoying your run on the beach.”

She ignored me, looked away and kept walking. A little further on, she had reached the end of the beach on her right. Behind it, black, sharp-tongued lava rocks jutted out into the Atlantic bay. She turned round again and trotted past a third time, her sandals still in one hand. This time I ignored her as much as she ignored me. (“Fool me once – blame on you! Fool me twice – blame on me!”)

Further up, towards the promenade, a blonde girl was lying on a towel showing cut melons and other fruit. -‘I can't do that! If I talk to her, I'll end up in an distressing situation and everyone will look!’ On the promenade, some women had made disparaging faces or twisted their mouths as they passed by. Two older women had laughed out loud. This could all be a coincidence and need have nothing to do with me, but experience has shown that this is sometimes the case. I've often seen the corners of girls' mouths twisted at home too, just at the moment they saw me. I thought I couldn't do that. Meanwhile, I went to yesterday's restaurant, which is so popular with locals that the wait can be longer than half an hour for a table to become available. Where else can you get such large, good portions for a moderate price, and with plenty of choice for three courses?

The attendants recognised me from yesterday and greeted me – “Amigo”. Today I had to draw a number that was still a long way off. Inside there was hurrying and rushing. The crockery often clinked so loudly and voices boomed at a volume that we would consider shouting, but in earlier times was common for ordinary people, that I had already eaten yesterday with ear wax balls in my ears. I had no desire to wait in the shade. I returned to the sandy shore with my number card, took off my shirt - my legs are free in my shorts anyway – and strolled through the sand. There she was, the young blonde lying on her fruit and melon towel. I walked casually, as if I was passing by by chance.

-“You have a matching cloth with melons and fruit. You never get thirsty in the sun!”

She smiled.

“Do you spend your holidays here too?”

-“Yes”

-“Just like me... Where are you from?”

-“From Sweden.”

-“Oh, I loved travelling to Scandinavia with my parents as a child. We travelled to Finland, Sweden, Norway and Denmark. What moves you in life when you're not on a beach holiday?”

-“I'm currently changing my job.”

-“It's a good opportunity to travel in between. I took advantage of it and travelled the world. And what will you be doing in the future?”

-“I'm going to work in a law firm.”“

-“Oh, you're dangerous! I'll have to watch out for you.”

-“That's not so bad. I'm not like that. But I'll be working with dangerous people.”

-“We have a saying: twelve lawyers, thirteen opinions.”

She didn't understand that. Now I made a small mistake, trying to explain, just repeating the idea in different words because the English language I was using was slowing me down. It would have been better if I had just said ‘That was a joke’ and then changed the subject.

-“Guess what I'm doing now.”

-“Something artistic.”

-“Right. First I was a mathematician, then a programme developer who built worlds out of zeros and ones, now I'm an author and write books.”

She didn't understand the English ‘author’. When she realised what I meant, she pronounced it with an ordinary ‘t’, as in German, but not like ‘th’ in Anglo-Saxon.

-“It's nice to talk to you. We should continue it in a café somewhere, chill and chat.”

She didn't seem averse, but said she had to move on soon to visit a friend.

-“I have to go on too, I'm eating over there in the restaurant.” and pointed there. “It's very popular. To get a seat, we have to wait until one becomes available. It'll be my turn soon. We can either meet before you visit your girlfriend or afterwards.”

-“That will take time; we want to see a film set where she works.”

-“Interesting. What kind of film is being made?”

-“A drama.”

-“I assume it's a Swedish film?”

-“Yes, a Swedish film.”

-“Do you have WhatsApp or email?”

-“I don't have my device here, I have it at the hotel.”

-“Let's swap WhatsApp and email. If you have time now, go to that restaurant over there.” I showed her. “I'll eat there. Otherwise I'll see you tonight. Send me an email or WhatsApp message.”

-“Yes, I will.”

-“Have you got anything to write with? I don't have a pen with me.”

-“No, unfortunately not.”

-“Have you got any paper?”

-“Neither do I.”

-“Wait here. I'll ask in the restaurant if they can lend me a pen.”

So I did. The attendant lent me his and I pulled out a paper napkin. Unfortunately, it was very thin and I didn't write on it on the smooth table, which would have been easier and easier to read afterwards. My number wouldn't be up for another two minutes. I raced back and wrote her phone number and email on the thin napkin, using a towel and grains of sand as a background, leaving several holes in it. Then I tore the napkin in two and gave her the one with my details. But she didn't want to write hers on the other half. It was going to be another shaky number with no reply.

-“I have to move on“ soon. If I still have time, I'll see you at the restaurant.”

-“Yes, of course, and otherwise we'll meet tonight. Send me a message. I have to get going too, I still have work to do. But I'd like to meet you!”

Again, it was she who set a time constraint instead of me. If I did that first, I could gain a reputation for being busy, at least according to PuA lore.

-“Have a nice evening.”

-“You too! And have an interesting visit to the film set.”

Now I made what was probably my last trip here with my camera to take pictures of the subjects I had missed. I also remembered that I hadn't photographed a few statues on the promenade. On my last visit to the waterfront, I quickly but light-footedly darted from statue to statue, clicked, checked the result, swapped the once again empty battery for a spare and hurried back again. A sweet girl was sitting on

a bench, with an angelic face, reasonably light-coloured hair, a girlish look that has become rare, and pink strips of fabric from her bra strap peeking out of her dark dress. It hurt me not to speak to her like I used to, when I wasn't able to, when I didn't know any better, not to show her my liking and inclination. I should have mastered that when I was young like her. Today I don't do it either because the departure has not yet been finalised, I don't have a window seat to take pictures during the flight and the description of the pick-up point is extremely unclear and contradictory. Too bad. So sweet.

13.10.2022

What was impossible online was possible at the counter. The lady was very nice, upgraded me from group 4 to 2 because I checked in the small suitcase instead of taking it on board, and changed my seat to a window seat as requested. But there was only one seat left at the very back. There was no window seat available for the second flight. She made a mistake; afterwards I had two seats from Las Palmas to Madrid, but none from Madrid to Berlin. Instead of the second, the first was cancelled, and then the second as well. I got the window seat to Madrid back. As I had been given the last window seat, it was logical that there were no more free seats to Madrid. Now there was also one to Berlin, in the fifth row, in front of the wings, where jet engines eject hot air, the trail of which deflects light and therefore distorts the picture. You can't take good pictures behind the jets because a shimmering, blurred trail runs through the picture below.



When I checked in, I quickly made my way to the connecting bridge. There we stood, in front of us a large group of both physically and mentally disabled people in wheelchairs who had been on holiday in the Canary Islands with carers. Everyone had to be driven in one by one, painstakingly heaved into their seats, then the wheelchair had to be driven out again before the next person was allowed in. Otherwise they would have blocked each other. The queue stood still for half an hour. After that, there were further delays. Perhaps some of the wheelchairs that had just been used were then checked in and loaded as luggage.

When we boarded with a delay of more than 30 minutes, the delay increased a little before we were allowed to take off: The aircraft also enjoyed the honour of being allowed to queue. Wheelchair users behind me had twisted grimaces; their tongues were hanging out; I kept hearing mask-less coughing. In my opinion, they didn't look like they noticed too much. A good proportion of them were 'southerners'. The delay stayed with us.



Unfortunately, I was sitting on the wrong side and didn't get to see or take a snap of any island. As I had a window seat, I was unable to step over my obese and luggage-laden neighbours when I got off. When I finally reached the aisle, it was already full. Less than 20 minutes until departure. Ten minutes passed because the boarding bridge was missing, until one person after another got up in front of me, collected their luggage and said they were in a hurry and had a connecting flight. Eight minutes to go until take-off; seven minutes after the regular closing time for boarding. However, the pilot knew that there were connecting travellers from the delayed plane that had now arrived. I raced as fast as I could, also on conveyor belts that were already running. A couple in front of me, side by side, blocked.

-“Attention! Please let me through! I'm in a hurry!”

-“We're in a hurry too,” replied the ruthlessly selfish couple strolling leisurely side by side.”

I raced through its centre. It stretched out. First many gates K, many J, behind them many H and there at the very end. The gate number was concealed here, so I had to search around the other side, which took me a minute. When four other travellers and I came

running at top speed, I was told: “Sorry, the pilot closed a minute ago.”

The plane was still there; the bridge was still in place. There was no attempt to taxi away. Pure harassment. They had to know that we were missing, that we couldn't dash any faster.



We then looked for the transfer bus to the hotel. I asked more than once, maybe two dozen times: -“Are you going to Hotel XXX?” -“No entiendo.” They pointed: “Not me. Not this bus.”

-“Then which bus?”

-“Another one.”

-“Which bus route? What's the name of the bus?”

-“No lo se.”

14.10.2022

I only found very short periods of sleep, waking up from confused dreams. A friend showed me our universe and reported that all the suns were lapsing, ending up as a pile of dead celestial bodies. It was contracting into a ball of dark dots. Our gaze travelled from one star system to another as if we were looking out of the window of a

spaceship flying towards distant stars. Then we focussed on the hypersphere of space.

-“From the stable final state, we should be able to use the laws of nature to recalculate all previous states.”

-“A new idea: back to the past through physics.”

We were still in a time when both sexes knew their form and had a place. What we did was a man's business and complemented a female universe. It has lost this important value. What's the point of dealing with it anymore?

In other dreams, I had to go back to school to finish my A-levels, but I didn't really feel like sitting between pupils at school desks again, which might now be there instead of benches. I felt reminded of Feuerzangenbowle and “I often think of Piroshka”, which once described such dreams of adults and also the youthful and adult search in the dance of the sexes. Perhaps there was more wisdom in those books than in today's books, which are the product of confusion.

At the check-in desk, I asked if my seat was in front of the wings. I had been downgraded again yesterday after missing my flight, moved to the back of the earliest flight this morning. The lady barely understood me in English. Then she said she didn't know because her computer didn't show it, I should go to the information desk, which wouldn't open for another hour. But the Iberia counter was open and the gentleman kindly gave me a first-row window seat behind the business class.

Others may have a deeper, edgier bass voice, but this is the behaviour: I sat in my window seat and attempted a night shot with the aperture open but still too long an exposure time from the aircraft, which was still stationary. A portly, heavy man plopped down in his seat next to me. The whole plane swayed, blurring my shot. Then he tried to fasten his seatbelt and hit me with his elbow. This time he apologised: “Excuse me”, but as he fastened his seatbelt, he bumped into me several more times while I took various shots in different settings.

-“I'm photographing. Please don't hit me.”

-“That's your problem”, he replied ruthlessly and brazenly. But his voice is deeper and expresses more self-confidence, which goes down better with women. His equally plump wife blocked the corridor. Getting through to the loo was going to be difficult. Shortly after take-off, the sun came up and fired backlight that made the already hazy view completely unusable for ground shots. I was sitting on the wrong side again. After he had photographed the sunrise over me with his mobile phone – with dubious results if his mobile phone doesn't have better optics than mine – he simply closed the flap over me. The bass-voiced gentleman does what he wants, ignores the will of others, even if they have the window seat and therefore have more to do with the window, and are also photographers who take pictures for their books. But that doesn't bother Mr Important. In the meantime, he has casually placed his stronger arm over the shared backrest.

-“You are taking more place than other people,” I told him. His wife peeked. In the meantime, I could at least try to take pictures of clouds glistening in the sun, although I occasionally need the flap, which is only half closed after my intervention, to do this.

The Eternal Incel

– Urd

Already I'm back from the relaxation of the exhausting work of being rejected and failing. The same rigid walls shield me from the outside world of averse girls. A coach, the only one from ■■■en's inner circle who is still in contact with me after my expulsion due to the lack of success of his expensive two-week teaching attempts, tells me over the internet that I am still a long way from my goal. My voice still had to change a lot, my way of speaking fundamentally. I argue and reason logically. That doesn't work at all in the game of courtship. I have to appear provocative and superficially interesting in order to stand out from the crowd of men, but at the same time 'read' the girl's exact state, which is not possible because I don't even know her living environment.

Absurd and undesirable characteristics are what makes men successful with girls. Precisely what I always disliked in the past, I have to become myself, because otherwise I won't stand a chance getting girls. So much for 'self-realisation of men', which doesn't exist for sensible men because women reject such guys, find them boring, but adore the weirdest guys from Absurdistan and enjoy to get laid by them.

Just for fun, I jump into the past, as abstruse as the present and future. All three Norns cause my efforts to fail in equal measure. A successful man doesn't struggle, but has more girls interested in him than he can please, is the winner of an unjust system. But for every successful man, there are five to ten good and capable men with no chance of getting laid.

17.9.2022

Again, dreams pervade the nights, fade and yet bring movement into the stream of life, mould the soul. From spring through rivulet, creek, river to mighty stream in the estuary delta, maelstrom in the world ocean, life, soul and dream flow, only to fade into disintegrating

memory. From the first sound of Bach's unfinished fugue on B-A-C-H to its last voice dissolving in the middle, our stream of life pulsates.

I have been on the road in my dreams for weeks or years, travelling with a lot of luggage on trains, buses or stranded in places on my way to unreach destinations. Where can I put the heavy things? Will I find them when I have to get off the train, or will they drive away separately from me, lost in my endeavour? Will I make the connection or will I get caught at night in intermediate places without a place to stay? I got stuck in a remote village because buses didn't drive any further, but it was too far away from the festival site to reach it on foot with rucksacks and heavy things.

So I travelled through the world in my dreams, far from a home that was dissolving into nothingness. Then I wandered through towns, found a pub here or there that served breakfast or meals. Then my parents would reappear, who dined much more elegantly; first they took me to eat with them, later I showed them places to eat that my meandering through beautiful places had found.

On a swaying ship I drifted between sea and sky into distant harbours, towards an uncertain fate, running like in legendary stories over mountain saddles into unknown valleys, where fair-haired figures with beautiful daughters lived, with whom I could find refuge. Wherever we go, whether to festivals or the trunks of old lorries of a distant time, destination or entrance, the doorkeepers to the ball of life are girls. Unspoken and unconscious, they form a magnetic pole whose fields move, attract or repel life, as the embodiment of an energy field that brings forth two oppositely polarised quanta, male and female, as the expression of a force field.

24.9.2022

A few weeks ago, after the catastrophic circumstance of a man interfering in a hitherto well-running conversation with a tattoo artist and complaining that I had previously approached a girl in his circle of acquaintances, and then harangued her with his complaint, causing

me to break off the ruined flirtation and run away from a useless and possibly dangerous argument, I had taken a break.

I had been travelling twice in the last few days, out of practice and also under stress because my last chances of publication, if not in German, then in English instead, were falling apart. Twice I had returned from a walk through Berlin without saying a word. Yesterday I read on the Internet from a left-wing source that West Berlin was characterised by broken people – an astonishing self-awareness in such circles! That corresponds precisely to my impression, and the more left-wing alternative the area, the more derailed both sexes, the more broken character, crumbling facades and radical graffiti on them.

When I was out and about yesterday, a girl sitting outside a café didn't react at all when I stood in front of her and said: "Enjoy your meal". Even compliments went unheard by the next girl. A middle-aged woman gave me a funny look and tried to get rid of me as soon as I opened the door. – "See you around" she told and disappeared never to be seen again. Then I gave up; nothing is succeeding at the moment – I'm at a low point like in the darkest times of my life. That's why I decided to visit the Pick-Up Saturday group to start again from the very beginning, although I found some things embarrassing. People often tried to talk me out of being myself because only men who fit in and are fashionable have a chance with women. But I don't even know the fashions and behaviour of the alpha types, which I'm supposed to adapt to. The world of the sexually successful is as alien to me as undiscovered extraterrestrials.

At first, only a P ■■■ I didn't know came today. It's not like it used to be when a large circle gathered at the clock. Nevertheless, it was a good new start. RAF no longer had time to lead the group, he said, handing it over to him. It would only be good if new people took over from time to time. I can confirm that. I described my multiple attempts to get started without any success. I also told him about the two-week boot camp in the USA, how the trainer hadn't even listened to my conversations, hadn't used a radio microphone since someone had

been caught recording attempts at flirting, and had been thrown out of the nightclubs and banned from the venue as a result. So I lost ten of the fortnight flying blind because he had no way of knowing what was going wrong in the conversation.

As it was drizzling slightly, which seemed to bother him more than me, we went to Alexa. There, I suggested we walk against the current and clockwise, as more girls came towards us that way, since most of them were walking clockwise. The crowd was unfavourable at this time of day, as he said and I confirmed from my observations. Precisely the age group of interest to both of us was largely absent. There were mainly girls who were too young and of school age or teenagers, as well as their mothers, who were already too old and out of their fertile phase. P■■■■ said it was better to be out and about in the late afternoon and early evening.

-“Yes, that's good, that's when the first people who go out to pubs or the nightlife start to mingle.”

One problem with the scene is that many rave about left-wing alternative problem areas where people in general and girls in particular are broken and derailed, including sexually. They probably believe that it's easier to fuck around there, in confused circles, which is what ‘game’ amounts to for most of them. Of course, I find many of the girls there off-putting on the outside, neither feminine nor cute, but lost and depraved, not to mention equally disturbed psyches and radical ideological aberrations. Anything with even the slightest hint of normality is dismissed as ‘bourgeois’ by left-wing zones.

P■■■■ remained mostly passive today. Later, he said that at these meetings he didn't so much want to address them himself as make sure that everyone got off to a good start. That's very nice and decent of him; we'll read in the next chapter how effective his approach was when he got involved himself the following month.

A few times I was too slow. Finally, I showed some attempts with my favourite situational openings.

-“That looks like a good purchase.”

The middle-aged woman looked and hesitated, but answered briefly.

-“What have you bought?”

She walked on.

P■■ waited in front of the glass railing of the shopping centre and asked how it had gone. He had already recognised the situation from a distance: no interest at all. When I told him what I was saying, he said he didn't think it was appropriate.

-“There's one there. Would it be appropriate to say: ‘Your ribbon looks like fringes’?”

-“If you have to ask, it probably wasn't a good opening.”

-“I often went down well at festivals. At my age, with my stature and lack of experience of how to do it, I can't afford to be too direct. After a general comment about the situation, I can easily wriggle out if it fails. I mustn't be as direct as a young, attractive man with experienced manners. What he gets away with and what attracts women to him can repel them from me and put me in very embarrassing situations.”

-“That may be so. But I have found that direct openings are much more effective.”

He began to explain.

“The situation is different here than at festivals, where people are more open. Here they are tense and withdrawn. A stranger seems slightly threatening here. If a stranger approaches her like you did, even with a harmless remark, she doesn't know what to make of it and feels a little threatened. That's why it's better to show interest straight away so that she can categorise it and feel that it's a flirtation. A compliment is better, but it's best to show your intention directly.”

-“How can I do that without scaring her off and putting me in an awkward position? What do you say in such cases?”

-“I often go up to them and say: ‘Hey, I noticed you. I think you're chic and wanted to say hello’.”

-“I'd be ashamed of myself. She's probably heard that a thousand times, everyone says that.”

-“It doesn't matter. Even if it's common – it works, it performs. She's taken aback by your situational openings.”

-“I try to be natural a“nd original. Sometimes it's flat, but sometimes it's funny and to the point. What else do you say?”

-“I think you're chic and I'd like to say hello. I'm ... and what's your name?”

-“I can try that.”

-“Of course it's good, but at the beginning you need a few crutches, some technique and conversation skills, otherwise it will never get you anywhere.”

-“That's right. I'm actually a ‘natural’, but unfortunately without any chance because I haven't learnt how to do it yet. As soon as I've made the breakthrough to success with a bit of technique, I can throw away the crutches and walk naturally.”

-“Exactly. When you get going, you can throw away the crutches. In the beginning, you need dialogue. Most girls feel weird when they're approached. If they're beautiful, it happens all the time, so you have to be very good not to go under. Others don't have it so often, but think it's a weird situation to be approached by a strange man and try to wriggle out of it. That's why I like to address this directly: ‘I know it's strange for you to be approached by a stranger so easily, but I feel the same way. I think you're chic and wanted to say something to you. Take it as a compliment.’ I defuse the situation because she knows it's unusual for me too, but it's no big deal.”

-“That's a good hint. I'll remember that, write it down at home so I don't forget it and incorporate it in the future.”

-“Or I could say: ‘I find you attractive. That's why I came here, to see what you're like.’ Now it's her turn to prove herself.”

The scene refers to this as ‘letting the girl qualify’.

I had already tried something like this sporadically in previous years: “I find you attractive and would like to see if you're nice too.”

-“Yes, I am nice.”

-“Everyone says that about themselves. We should get to know each other so I can see if you really are.”

But she wasn't interested in me and moved on.

Despite his advice, I still didn't succeed today when I tried to approach girls in their 20s or women in their 30s or 40s. As we passed a perfume shop for men, a girl in the doorway asked us if we wanted to smell some samples.

"Oh thanks, but I don't need anything right now," I replied, looking the beautiful, fair-haired young girl in the eye, "I brought some perfume back from the USA last winter and still have enough left."

P■■ took the test strips and compared two. Before the thread of the conversation slipped away and he took over, I continued talking after the pause caused by her distribution of the samples.

"Friends in the USA had told me to get a perfume. What kind do you like?"

- "Different, sweet ones."

- "On you or on men?"

- "On me"

- "And for men?" " "

- "Preferably strong ones."

- "Strong perfumes or natural?"

- "Both"

- "It was the same for me. I went into a perfume shop and asked a girl there what she liked. She gave me two, one strongly bitter and one fresh. I then took a mixture of both. I can hardly go wrong with that."

I looked into her eyes and face.

- "You've got nice earrings."

- "And you've got a great moustache."

- "Fine. Now let's compliment each other."

A short pause. She waved a third test strip of perfume at P■■.

He enquired that she was now working in the shop, earning some money first. I don't have sober conversations like that; if I try it, I'm dismissed as a bore, but young, attractive men can score points with it and get a lively, involved response, whereas I would be crowded out. I quickly endeavoured to win back the conversation with her.

- "And what do you do in life?"

- "Fashion. Something creative."

-“We have something in common – I do something creative too. Guess what!”

-“Something to do with fashion too?”

-“No, the complete opposite. I go against all fashions and conventions. Guess what area I’m creative in.”

-“I don’t know.”

-“That’s not how it works. We’re going to have a cheerful guessing game ‘What’s my line?’. You suggest something and I’ll answer.”

-“Hmm”

-“All right, shall we make it easier? Shall I cheat and tell you?”

-“Yes, that’s better.”

-“I write books.”

Another short pause. In response to her question, he replied that he didn’t need any perfume at the moment, but she should give him a sample, which she did.

-“What kind of music do you listen to?” I tried to rejoin the conversation.

-“I listen to everything, actually.”

-“It’s the same with me. I have a range from baroque opera and Bach’s fugues to rave and electronic music.”

Now I really got into my stride.

“The music has swung from the Baroque era to today’s dance music, whether rave or house or electronic dance music, from one extreme to the opposite, like a big pendulum swing.”

-“Or techno,” she added.

-“Yes, or techno. In the Baroque era, rhythm instruments were dispensable. Maybe there were some in royal music from the old days, but in principle the rhythm was made with the melody. I’ve seen a young conductor jumping around wildly on stage to get the orchestra to play in tune.”

I demonstrated it, waving my hands and pretending to jump back and forth. Unfortunately, I sometimes moved in her direction and she moved back; instead of keeping her gaze fixed on me, she occasionally looked at P■■■, who stood there calmly at a distance and did nothing at all. Being ‘cool’ just goes down better than the cleverest or most moving conversation.

“He jumped around the stage like a caricature of my parents. The funny thing was that he also played an instrument himself, a harpsichord. Whenever he had to play his part, he pranced a little more quietly so that he could hit the keys, but as soon as he was finished, he jumped around again. Today it's the other way round: rhythm or bass are decisive. Some wear a shirt that says ‘All you need is bass!’ Melody is optional, not absolutely necessary.”

A short pause.

-“Have you ever been to a festival, maybe goa, rave or psy?”

-“Though I have turned eighteen, I've never been to a festival. I couldn't do that before.”

-“I go to festivals every other weekend in the summer and read from my books. Unfortunately, the season is over now. I just happen to have a few of my books in my rucksack and can show you one.”

I took the rucksack in one hand, reached inside and showed her “Life as a Journey”.

-“Look, I took this picture at the ‘Hai in den Mai’ festival. It's a bubble ring with a hole through which you can see a man's corner on the sightless tower.”

- "Cool" she thought. Then I showed a picture in the middle of the book, the cover of "The Love Generation".

-“Look, that's a picture from 1967!”

P■■ also said later that it was good that I had the books with me, because the pictures were really ‘cool’. P■■ asked for her number and sent her a message on WhatsApp straight away. Although he had hardly spoken a word to her, he beat me to it. This has always been the usual situation. I'm working my leg off trying to be witty, coming up empty, while others casually do little and go home with the girls.

Today, too, I had to toil and struggle much more.

-“If you ever want to go to a ‘cool’ festival, you can go along. Or we can go to an open air or an event here. Let me know if you find out about one.”

-“Yes, why not.”

-“Do you have WhatsApp?”

She signed up with me too. As usual, I never received a reply to my “Fragrant M■■, J■■ der bookman”.

We said goodbye. Afterwards, P■■■■ said that it hadn't been so bad with me, but that I should be calmer and 'chill out'. It was true that I had triggered strong emotions with my stories and my torrent of words, and it had also been very interesting, but that didn't count with girls. My conversation was too demanding and tedious for them. A girl at the Burg Herzberg Festival had said something similar to me, who found me interesting but 'too exhausting' due to a too content-rich conversation.

-“I try to tell interesting stories so that she remembers me and I don't get lost in the crowd. They always say that a man has to trigger feelings in her, that's the only thing girls remember and that makes them attractive.”

-“Yes, that's true. Triggering feelings is important, but it has to be a pleasant impression. Your conversations and topics are too difficult. That makes her uncomfortable. That's why she won't be inclined to meet up with you and then spend hours having a tedious conversation. A light and easy-going approach is much more likely to make her want to see you again and experience this again. Besides, your exuberance was too much. You hinted at the conductor's jumping back and forth with movements that made her feel pushed back. You should never intrude into her personal sphere. She moved backwards a little and that looks bad. Like me, you have to stay calm and chilled at a distance. Being young and attractive and a few banal remarks are often enough. Attraction to girls then arises almost by itself. You just have to be careful not to do anything wrong and mess up. Then it will work itself out.”

-“Yes, if you belong to the minority of young, attractive men, then that may be the case. But I was never one of them. I was thin, lanky, clumsy due to a lack of practice and experience. Now I'm also old. That's a big disadvantage that I have to compensate for with particularly interesting conversations, wit and skill. Nothing comes naturally to me. Banal remarks may be enough with young and handsome men. I'd go down as a boring old bag.”

-“That's true. It's more difficult at your age. An attractive appearance is also important. Have you ever thought about changing your style? You can do a lot in Berlin, but your beard really stands out from the crowd.”

-“I can't take off my beard. I'd be a grey mouse that would blend into the crowd. If I were to cut it off now and then realise that nothing had improved and it wasn't the beard, it would take me ten years to grow it back. Unfortunately, that's not possible.”

-“I can understand that. But maybe go with the fashion?”

-“How so? I've always lived beyond fashion, created myself and something new, I don't even know what fashion is.”

We walked outside across the art market to Hackescher Markt.

-“Talk to her,” said P■■■, “She's walking alone like a tourist. It should be relatively easy.”

-“Which one? I haven't seen them. I'd prefer the one in black,” I replied and turned round.

-“No, I mean the one in front of us, with the Copenhagen bag.”

I hurried ahead, overtaking a few people. The young woman – more like a girl – was carrying a bag with ‘Hello from Copenhagen’ printed on it in Danish.

-“You're carrying ‘Hello from Copenhagen’. Are you from Denmark?” I asked.

She didn't understand; I repeated in English.

“Your bag says ‘Hello from Copenhagen’. I say ‘Hello from Berlin’.”

-“Hello”

-“Are you from Denmark?”

-“Israel”

-“Nice to meet you.”“

We exchanged first names.

“Are you on holiday or do you work here?”

-“Holiday.”

The short answers indicated little to no interest.

-“Do you like it in Berlin, are you having a good time?”

-“Yes, I like it.”

-“Tomorrow on Sunday we could ...”

She started to move on.

“Oh, you're rushing on already!”

-“I'm only here for two more days and I'm going to see my friend. I have to get going.”

Afterwards, P■■ said that it had been friendlier than my previous attempts to approach, but that she hadn't been interested from the start and had wanted to move on.

-“Yes, at the end, but at first she was polite or friendly.”

-“That was obviously just social politeness, but a false friendliness.”

Often I experience this kind of thing: purely social politeness or false friendliness without any interest in me as a man. I told P■■ that I intended to write down his advice from the Alexa when I got home so that I wouldn't forget anything and could incorporate it. I thanked him for his productive advice.

-“What you said in the Alexa was on point: some examples of how to succeed. That's useful, because so far I've lacked clues as to how it can work; talking myself out of my style or personality doesn't help.”

With another girl, I tried out some of her text modules.

-“Hey, I think your style is chic. That's why I wanted to say hello. I'm ■■■ and what's your name?”

She said her name, but no real conversation started.

-“I know it's unusual for a man to approach you off-handedly, but I feel the same way. I wanted to see what you're like.”

Despite these attempts to incorporate his basic strategies, she ran away from me just like all the others.

Incel Forever – Skuld

The future is the continuation of a sad present because of a sad past. Skuld (guilt) is what will become from the present becoming (Wer-dandi), which rose from the primordial stream of ur-life (Urd). The negative connotations of ‘guilt’ and Hel’s subterranean ‘hell’ were first introduced by Christianity.

15.10.2022

Wild dreams at night that I forgot because they weren't written down first thing in the morning. What a pity! A new development is in the offing. I had so many things to deal with that there was no time for self-contemplation.

16.10.2022

Mauerpark was full of mostly young or middle-aged people; I've never seen so many here before. The late autumn sun lured them to events where African drummers have been attracting white women and girls for 50 years, and a wildly applauded outdoor stage where songs that were out of fashion 40 years ago were sung off-key. Here are young people who resemble the ancient youthful revolutionaries of the 1960s. They are not so much members of families as members of the most peculiar subcultures that have ‘enriched’ us since the cultural break of the 1960s, mixed with students of subjects that have become ideological since the 1960s, followers of a hippie ideology that was already failing back then and other political, left-wing, feminist and green salvations that have been failing since then, left-wing, feminist and green doctrines of salvation, which still cannot be overcome today because they act like a sect in the cultural sphere, suppress criticism and morally assassinate anyone who contradicts them as ‘old-fashioned’, ‘fascist’, ‘sexist’ and ‘racist’. In this way, newly invented or exacerbated confusions of the sexes are constantly spreading, while anything that even smacks of a remnant of normality or naturalness is scorned and attacked. The white, heterosexual man is an extinction model here.

The scene thrives on the fact that there is nothing better, that the world meets here, which superficially creates the illusion of a colourful carnival in which sexually confused generations meet to relax and play the sadly dysfunctional game of the sexes. Everyone lives in the moment, doesn't think about consequences and tomorrow, hopes to hit the jackpot in the lottery of the love game. Sexually, it's like a casino, except that the game is not for money, but for life and the chance of procreation, and the game is much unfairer than in a casino, where 36 numbers are followed by only one zero. The odds are even worse than in state lotteries, where in the best case 'only' half of the money gambled is pocketed by the state, but at best half is paid out again to players in the form of winnings. In the game of life in Mauerpark, of nightlife or of life in general, at least 80 per cent of men lose out to women; at most twenty per cent of men win, cream and fertilise her, giving rise to future generations who will live here. Only women stand a better chance; they get back more in the game of selection and reproduction than they put in, from men or surrogate dad, the state. Because of such unjust favouritism towards women in the chaos of cultureless life, or the social confusion in Mauerpark, where the clocks seem to have stopped in the hippie era of the 1960s, numerous girls and young women flock to Mauerpark, nightlife and other trendy areas where they reap the rewards of being girls, of being fertile. The vast majority of white, heterosexual men, however, are being screwed over without getting laid.

But wait! I forgot to mention that ideologies of our deranged zeitgeist are working with dogged conviction to constantly exacerbate the already disastrous conditions. It began with feminists destroying the foundations of human culture in their fight against cultural, mental and physical sex differences, uprooting entire generations and societies so thoroughly that relations of both sexes have been poisoned, the uprooted seeking refuge in irrational utopian ideologies that constantly exacerbate the problem. Without a mediating culture and division of labour, both sexes become increasingly alienated from each other.

One of the many harmful consequences of this aberration is that they attract the largest possible number of – predominantly – men from all continents who, in addition to all these inherent problems, also create a surplus of men that drives the prospects of the already hopeless even further into the abyss. This constant influx is therefore not the cause of the problem itself, but rather its constant exacerbation. By far the majority of those attracted are men from the most problematic, poorest or most regressive regions of the world, as well as from war zones. If it didn't sound so cynical in view of the senseless suffering caused by Putin's war of aggression, we are already lucky in misfortune if, for once, it is predominantly women who come to us from Ukraine because the men are supposed to stay at home and fight against the aggressors. In other areas of origin, it's usually the other way round. While our soldiers fell in Afghanistan to defend 'Germany in the Hindu Kush' against the constitution and the idea of the NATO alliance, which was originally founded purely for defensive purposes, which apart from dead soldiers brought us many brave young Afghans, who in the meantime were able to comfort our girls sexually here in safety at our expense, instead of defending their country at home and impregnating girls from their homeland. Some report that this has also fuelled the sudden career of the word 'knife' in police reports and boots, which is of course outrageous and is punished with social ostracism, exclusion from the media and political abuse of anyone who even dares to say it. Irony alert:

That's right! After all, we think correctly, which is why it is necessary to suppress all other opinions, in the name of freedom, of course. Attention: The last sentences were satire and not meant seriously – but that doesn't help, because the FRG persecutes every critic with brutal police violence all the way to the Philippines if it succeeds in bringing charges by taking a satire seriously and finally eliminating uncomfortable critics through Nazification. Incidentally, we are living in the best simulation of freedom and democracy that was ever feigned to us.

The tragedy is that criticism of this dysfunctional society is so systematically ridiculed or ignored, whichever is more damaging, that only extremists are able to contradict the destructive sect. In the 1920s, after the shambles of the First World War, in which the remnants of our culture and ‘good society’ had perished, we already had uprooting and confusion of the sexes caused by the first feminist wave, which triggered problems described in books such as “Critique of Feminist Ideology” and “Censored”. A large number of heterosexual male losers suffer, while an initially still tiny number of derailers allow themselves to be TRANSformed by hysterical aberrations.

At the Mauerpark flea market, where the world meets because there is nothing better, I endeavoured to make the best of a miserable situation, as I have done for decades.

-“Your Rasta braids match the fringes on your handbag. A very“ similar style.”

-“Thank you.”

-“What's your earring? Is that a leaf?”

-“Oh, it's just a normal piece of jewellery.”

I criticise myself for once: Better one compliment that shows attraction and intention than two or more questions that don't bring anything new. It would have been better to clearly show interest in her, or tease her.

-“What are you up to right now?”

-“I'm just walking around here. Have a nice afternoon.”

She was gone. Since my teenage years, girls have treated me even more nastily, namely just a snippy: ‘I'm just walking around’ with a connotation or follow-up ‘I'm going away now’.

So I should tease more. A young woman walking past wore nothing conspicuous except a striped blouse. Her hips jiggled under her dark trousers as she walked, like a dark curling grotto. At least she was either blonde or dyed blonde. My money's on the latter. Natural blondes are almost extinct, crossed away by foreign-cheating and foreign-marrying girls for a thousand years, when we native men were

all blond too – presumably this is one of those facts that must not be mentioned before a *fait accompli* has been created, so that any mention is punished with ostracism and the prevention of a career as a poet, lest anyone read something that might awaken them from the ideological zeitgeist. Back to the girl! She was slim, but her bosom was respectably plump, if she didn't have the help of supporting braces or implanted fillers. On her slender body, these boobs were a sexual stimulus and a sign that a baby would be satiated at her breast, just as a man had done before when looking at them during conception.

-“You look like a sunflower with your hair!” I opened.

-“Thank you.”

-“But your blouse reminds me of what a professor told us in his lecture: ‘Please don't turn up in such large numbers with striped shirts! I feel like a prison guard!’”

She laughed softly, but ran off in her springy steps. Too bad. Operation Tease failed. It's damn hard to learn how to deal with girls! The theory of relativity is easier.

At the flea market I ate a flea portion of warm food, just like yesterday, because I had set off without lunch, otherwise I wouldn't have arrived until after this crowd-puller had closed. I saw a light-haired girl in the crowd wearing a blouse with a signature I didn't recognise.

-“Your blouse looks fashionable. Is it tailor-made?”

-“No, the signature is that of a fashion brand, albeit a small one that hardly anyone knows.”

But she ran off with her friend before I could engage her in chat.

With my snack in hand, I strolled on. No food is so common that it doesn't have its fans. This is not an allusion to me, who was put off by the high prices after almost total losses with aviation stocks in COVID times and even more so by Putin's bloody war of aggression, but refers to a small, dark-haired and also not beautiful girl who suddenly looked in my direction at my third-class food.

-“You look hungry,” I said to her.

-“What's that?” she replied in English.

-“I got it from the stall over there on the left. Where are you from?”

-“From Florida”

-“Oh, the sunshine state. I haven't been there yet, but I have been to California and Oregon. What are you two doing here?” This referred to the fact that she was standing in front of me with a friend.

-“Travelling”

-“I like travelling too. Preferably around the world.”

Now the two of them were leaving just as I was about to suggest we ‘grab a drink and chill’, as I learnt in the pick-up scene.

Then there was the rejection that made me double back. Oh my memory! I have a thousand things on my mind at the moment, which is why memory capacity is more limited than usual for this particular area of conversational memorisation.

Now the flea market had been grazed and skimmed. Strange, I hadn't noticed any other successful pick-up adepts today. I moved on to the meadow, which reminded me less of a festival and more of left-wing alternative-green-feminist chaos. There is a certain style to a festival these days. Here in Mauerpark, however, the chaos felt perfect. Even pick-up circles are rumbling that you shouldn't go there at night or in the dark because there have already been stabbings. Always those knives! What's wrong with German knives? Have the manufacturers of the legendary Ruhr blades, which once enabled the victory over Moors with Saracen blades, which also enjoyed a legendary reputation in the early Middle Ages, simply forgotten to print warnings about how knives should be handled with care? In any case, we are to blame, because our country is turning from a safe place into an unsafe South Africa, from which more and more British and Boer descendants are emigrating because the pavement under their feet is becoming too dangerous: Our zeitgeist shapers and rulers are known for preferring to invite those who pose an officially denied danger rather than those who flee from it. ‘We can do it!’ However, it is unclear where South Africans can emigrate to once we have become

South Africa. Green-coloured feminists and leftists haven't thought that far ahead. Sometimes it's not due to a low IQ, but to delusion..

After rejections that had already prompted me to troll home as a 'hopeless case', I now confidently approached a blonde girl with a book sitting on the grass. No emancipated glasses and blonde eyebrows. Sitting in front of me was indeed one of the last Mohicans of the dying natural blondes. As I had learnt from pick-up experts, I neither bent down nor knelt down to talk to her – both of these unconsciously send out weird, unwanted signals and cause 'the set' to fail. You have to learn that first! Intuitively by feel, I've spent my life, half a century, pretty much showing weaknesses in everything that lead to immediate cruel rejection by girls. Getting laid is an art so difficult that every boy should spend years learning it at school. It's much more important than all the political nonsense that's being drummed into today's generations.

So I squatted down. Although I'm no longer the youngest, my knees and joints have been doing fine again since I've been travelling a lot, going to festivals and running. I've rejuvenated myself from a writer's couch potato, so to speak. I sat casually on my heels.

-“It's nice to see you reading. I like books. After reading thousands, I now write them myself.”

-“Oh, that's good.”

-“With your blonde hair, you look like a sunflower in the Sunday sun.”

-“Thank you.”

We talked briefly; I asked her what moved her in life. I didn't really get an answer; she just said she was studying here.

-“Where are you from?”

-“Finland”

-“Oh, that's nice, I loved being on holiday in Scandinavia, especially with my parents.”

Then I told her how we used to wade through bogs, careful not to drown, with mosquitoes pestering us, to collect a slightly sour but aromatic berry that only exists at a certain latitude in Finland, Sweden,

Norway and Scotland and is called 'lakka' in Finnish and 'hjortron' in Swedish.

I had clearly aroused her interest.

-“I live in southern Finland, in the capital Tampere. These berries can only be found further north.”

I talked about the lake district and the archipelago of mostly skerries, a salmon that a friend had caught and how I played table tennis with Finnish boys, which is why I still know Finnish numbers today. She said that there was less going on in Finland, even in the capital, than in Berlin, especially in winter. We moved on to musical tastes and from there to my books.

-“We should meet up sometime, chill out and chat, in the sun or in a café. When are you free?”

-“Tonight I'm going to meet up with a friend.”

-“Your friend or a friend?”

-“A friend”

-“And tomorrow?”

-“Tomorrow I don't know yet because I have classes at university in the morning and want to move. Right now I'm at the zoo and moving to Kreuzberg.”

-“Send me a message when you're free. Do you use WhatsApp?”

-“Yes.”

She added herself on my phone and I had her send a smiley to herself.

-“Send yourself a text message. Then you'll have my WhatsApp too.”

My later message to her via Whatsapp: „Hi ■anaa, awesome to talk to you. Just for fun, the capital of Yemen is ■ana'a. Here's an English version of one of my books: 'Life As A Journey'. When do you have time to grab a drink, chill & talk?”

We also talked about music, how I grew up to the blaring of foghorns, which I compared to the boom boom boom of dance music, only faster and more sonorous. She also likes EDM (electronic [dance] music) Then she hinted that she wanted to read on before

going to a 'friend', which may mean boyfriend or girlfriend, so I said goodbye.

A light-haired woman in pied trousers that reminded me of a leopard skin sat halfway up the slope to Mauerpark. She was smoking. So I walked past on the path below, which I have hardly ever seen as busy as it was today. 'Enriching' newcomers went for a walk with their local girl friend. As soon as they arrived in the land of milk and honey, they were sexually integrated by girls in a spirit of solidarity. All my life, local girls have never sexually integrated me. Another fact that must not be spoken out, which is why grievances are constantly worsening. The truth is 'racist', 'sexist', 'transphobic' and phobic to the power of a thousand. Therefore, truth is the worst enemy of today's ideologies, which are offshoots and exaggerations of the 'Enlightenment'. Anyone who sees what this philosophy, unanimously acclaimed for centuries and considered morally imperative, has done to humanity can suddenly understand why, during the lifetime of the early Enlightenment philosophers, their works were, according to legend, sometimes kept hidden away in 'poison cabinets' because they were interesting to read but, according to intuition, highly dangerous. For centuries, those ancient ancestors were ridiculed as 'regressive' for thinking this way about the newly emerging philosophy of the Enlightenment. Today it is time to rehabilitate them. They were right in their hunch, just as many currents that have been marginalised by the FRG since 1968 were damn right in retrospect on crucial issues.

I forgot to mention one thing: How I got to Mauerpark. On the underground, I sat down next to two women. Sitting opposite them was a male person: me. The younger one had a bag with a transparent compartment showing an ice skate boot.

-“You look like you've been skating,” I began. As they didn't understand, I repeated in English.

-“Only my daughter goes ice skating,” replied the mum.

-“Are you 'skating away on the thin ice of the new day'?” I asked, quoting a Jethro Tull song, which neither the two of them nor most of my readers would realise. In earlier times, girls and gallants

sang lines from baroque operas. I told them that I came from the North Sea coast, where we used to skate on rivers. These rivers have currents, which is why the ice freezes later. In addition, water sometimes pours over the ice because there is not enough space underneath. Then it freezes in humpy layers. Sometimes there are layers of air in between; then you can collapse if you are foolish enough to drive on hollow ice. Or it's too thin over flowing water, and you also break in. On top of that, it's snowing. The snow acts as a brake if you drive into it clumsily. Padautz!

-“Then you fall,” she replied, and reported that they had moved here from South Africa.

-“Many people do that. It seems to be dangerous there.”

She confirmed that. Not only are people robbed there, they are often murdered. Germans were recently killed near an amusement park. It was probably a robbery in which the victims were then killed. That happens everywhere. She did not want to tie it to race. (This confession is necessary in our times, whether in South Africa or the EU, especially the FRG. However, such gruesome murders are typical in South Africa and were once very rare here. But I can only refer to the above: There are things that must never be said, because a single sentence categorised as false would mean the end of one's career, professional existence and access to media and publishing houses. Things that must not be said may very well be true. It is also possible that our society and our state will soon fail because the truth is not allowed to be written, which is why conditions are constantly worsening. We are not so far removed from conditions like those in North Korea, only the methods are different. It is not physical violence, but ostracism and exclusion that serve to suppress people).

Although her daughter seems to be of manly age and therefore looks more beautiful than her mother, who has already reached the end of her fertile period, I spoke to the latter and got her mother's phone number. Unfortunately, it was the wrong one, not the one used for WhatsApp. She did take a photo of my number, but it is to be expected that she will not write to me. We finished two stops late; I got off, drove back and walked towards Mauerpark on the busy pavement of the main street, where the nightlife is also very busy. I had barely

reached the path when a light-haired girl came towards me, gawking at her phone with a dreamy expression. I was lost in thought, enjoying the sight, but not yet ready to react quickly, especially as walking almost next to her was one of the African men who, due to the feminist-green-left policy of open borders, are becoming increasingly common and are now beginning to take on the role that Muslim-Oriental men have played in our country for decades, increasing the surplus of men and shortage of girls. It was therefore difficult to stand inconspicuously by her side; he would have noticed everything exactly, possibly interpreting it as a lesson for his own actions. So I missed the dreamiest face of the day. This time I think of classic poems and a Rolling Stones song about a “girl with far-away eyes”.

As I couldn't find a person to approach on the pavement to get the thirty girls, even an expert like A■■■ supposedly has to approach to take one of them home, I turned round. Several musicians had spread out, making music or noise more or less ragged, depending on taste. I refrain from giving my opinion or commenting. One of these artists, who I don't know whether his name comes from ‘art’ or ‘artificial’, even had three groupies with him, women who were beautiful, taking advantage of the sun's warmth to rotate hula hoops, scantily clad and smiling with relish to the music of their friends, like in a cheap advertising film. It wouldn't have been a good idea to approach one of their musician friends' helpers. Further back, two brightly dressed girls sat on the stone edge of the slope opposite another artist who receives more applause from the Mauerpark audience than from me. I don't think the opera entrepreneur George Frideric Handel would have hired him as a singer. They looked nice, in the sense of vice, but also like the arrogance of girls who, stained by no classical upbringing or education whatsoever, fall prey to a high-altitude euphoria or megalomania because they are young and sexually attractive, since they are fertile, which requires no human maturity or warmth. But I have to learn to deal with such uncultured girls from a derailed society and to seduce them if I don't want to perish. As there are no more girls of the lost culture. However, what stopped me was the assumption that they

weren't listening to the musicians because they enjoyed their 'art' so much, but because they were their girlfriends.

Now I was back with the girl who had smoked earlier, putting me off as a self-confessed nicotine allergy sufferer. At the moment she was tapping on her ring-ding-buzz; I was reading on my mobile phone. Her blonde hair fell like a lampshade over this centre of her perceived world. Below lurked her leopard trousers with the dangerous pattern that is rather good for a sexual innuendo ('predator') than for a delivery to the Ukraine, which has been desperately asking for Leopard 2 armour for half a year or more, which the procrastinator Scholz has postponed until Saint Too-late.

Dear readers, you're about to find out how I fared with the leopardess! But first, let's take a short break for a commercial, as we live in the best of all worlds, where advertising and grandstanding have replaced modest ability and quality. Success does not come to those who concentrate on being able and therefore have no time for vain self-promotion and puffery, but rather to self-promoters who show others how great they are and can sell themselves as a product, even if they hardly have time to perfect and practise the art they are selling due to all the self-promotion.

We are manipulated from an early age. Even small children are drummed into believing that coming into conflict with their own nature, especially their natural sex, would be super progressive, praiseworthy and a joy to emulate. Only stupid people wouldn't go along with this. The consequences for their lives will be devastating – a lot of senseless suffering. But the irresponsible people in charge don't care. In this world, it is not the person who can do something who is considered an expert, but the skilful advertising strategist and self-promoter who pretends to be able to do something. Those who are good concentrate on their intellectual work, which is why they are overlooked by the world for the rest of their lives. It is not the most capable who are appointed as professors, as was usual in classical times, instead those apply successfully who can market themselves best, achieve the most articles or citations in prestigious publications

and have never disqualified themselves forever with a result or an opinion of a 'politically incorrect' nature. It is not the best product that is bought, but the one that has been launched in the most skilful campaign with the cleverest psychological tricks and the largest advertising budget. Elections are similar.

Do you think I'm exaggerating? Dear audience! How can you be so wrong? I have grossly understated things, because it is much worse. Gone are the days when the main reason why we were increasingly influenced by manipulation was the shabby business acumen of over-promoting salespeople, a phenomenon that was already unpleasantly noticeable in the 1920s. The only reason I mention this is because it is completely unimportant and contributes nothing to understanding. Such methods of manipulation, once devised, were taken up by politicians and ideologues. Today, we are massively ideologically enslaved from an early age in the most radical cultural revolution in the history of mankind, which has already trampled the collective experience of almost all cultures for generations into the dustbin, so that we are completely uprooted and unstable, easy pawns of our manipulators. Without skilful marketing, "The Beatles" would not have become a world-famous group, just like "The Rolling Stones", but would have remained a group of young people playing in sheds of their local town, long forgotten even in their suburb after their former members had switched to middle-class jobs.

Without media marketing, there would be none of the political hysteria with which our time is so blessed. Children jumping hysterically on Fridays or sticking themselves to the street in protest, transsexual primary school pupils and other specialities have become part of our reality thanks to extremely one-sided reports by the media that construct attitudes.

Well then, now I've climbed the slope in just a few steps and am standing in front of a girl with a ring-a-ding-buzz and leopard trousers. No, I'm not a comedian, instead a realist who writes the truth. It's not my fault that our reality is funny. Besides, there are times when

comedians are the only ones who still tell or write the truth. Our world is a little odd!

Attention, repetition! My ability to spontaneously come up with a new line every time has been better in the past.

-“Hey. You look like a sunflower.”

-“Thank you.”

I crouched down again. However, since it was not a comfortable lawn, instead shrubs were growing, it was not so easy to squat down, so that I occasionally put one knee up.

-“You look at your phone, mesmerised. Many people are lost in a digital world, while there's a lot going on around us.”

I have forgotten what exactly she replied.

-“What moves you in life?”

-“Travelling, music and politics”

-“Oh, we have something in common. I love travelling, especially to faraway places. My hat has travelled around the world with me. It almost got lost in the Tasman Sea because a coastal wind blew it off my head and into the sea. But that was at the harbour basin of Wellington, New Zealand, where I could descend a staircase to the water and fish it out again. Two days, weeks, sorry, two hours later it had dried again in the sun,” I floundered.

“I also like music, from baroque to electronic music edm.”

-“I also like electronic music, techno. And rock.”

-“Berlin is considered a techno city. Musicians can even express subconscious moods with their voices or instruments that are immediately understood by their listeners. I admire and envy musicians for this direct line to the audience. When writing in a quiet chamber, I am isolated from the world, without knowing whether anyone will ever read it or what will be thought and felt.”

Finally, I came to politics, her third favourite subject.

-“I study politics.”

-“Oh dear, then you're among lecturers who are very ideological, who teach biased material and topics in an equally biased way, in a very one-sided environment. Everything depends on opinion. I did

exactly the opposite and chose a subject in which opinions and attitudes play no role at all, in which there is an objective truth: maths.”

-“I liked maths too,” replied the scion of a role-confused era.

-“It's a nice lazy subject: no vocabulary to cram, no grammar to drill. You just have to understand it. Our professors even said: ‘Don't memorise anything! We don't want that here. You have to know the methodology, understand it, be able to derive everything yourself if necessary, and know where basic formulae or basic knowledge can be found and looked up. You have to be able to develop the rest yourself.’”

Once more I complimented her: “I like the way you look.”

Presumably about my books, she remarked: “I'll have to read that later.” However, she didn't know my pen names and had probably quickly forgotten book titles such as “Life as a Journey” and “Bali – Enchanting Island”, or at least hadn't memorised them well enough to do a successful search.

-“We should meet up these days, sit in the sun or in a café and chat. I'll bring some of my books and can show them to you.”

Next memory lapse from the last few days, when I was more pre-occupied with other life issues: I can't remember whether I discussed the following with her or the Finn:

-“I was in Bali a month ago,” either the Finn or the Leopardess replied. It's a pity I didn't suggest that she be sent to the Ukraine in her leopard trousers as Leopard-2. At least that would have been funny!

I then shared my aforementioned ideas about ancient Hindu culture, similarities to pre-Christian Europe that are too much and sharply delineated for coincidence, right down to words like “dea” (goddess, Latin) and “deva” (goddess, Hindi) and “Mensch” (human, German) versus “Manusch” (human, Hindi).

-“We should meet up sometime soon, sit in a café and chill. I'll show you the books. When do you have time?” I tried again. She gave me a strange look.

-“That's too hmm. Thank you, but I'm afraid I'll have to decline. But it was nice talking to you.”

-“I know, I'm still a stranger...” I tried – too late – to recalibrate, to dispel her reservations. A man sitting half next to us, half below us,

turned round and looked at us. The situation was beginning to look a little awkward. Although I am unfortunately thin by nature, an asparagus who does not impress women physically, i.e. sexually, with muscles, instead an intellectual man who at best excites them in social conversation, yet bores them sexually, I added a new kind of thin to my thin physique: I vanished into thin air with the hollow mutual greeting when being rejected: “Have a nice blahblahblah”

I trudged away from Mauerpark before the sun faded and, at worst, knives flashed, to stroll towards the underground or S-Bahn. Did I approach another girl on the way or not? Who cares?! In any case, girls and women of fertile age refrained from chatting to me or answering my text messages, whatever the exact circumstances.

How does a true fairy tale of our times end? “And if he hasn't died, he's still gets the brush-off today.”

20.10.2022

I largely forgot the dreams of the night almost a week ago because there was a lot to do. As soon as I woke up, many details of the initially vivid dream faded with a multitude of intertwined experiences. Once we were in a house or a large flat in the wider Frankfurt am Main area that we had looked at but not bought. I don't even know whether the memory in the dream was real or a dreamed-up invention. Did such a place really exist? Had I ever been there? In any case, I dreamt that I had walked around the unremarkable flat or house with a view of the valley through a narrow strip of woodland to the river, whereby the land supposedly still belonged to the house and could therefore be planted by me with delicious or rare fruit. The public land by the river was overgrown with rare fruit, including unusual cherries, of which I tasted in order to take the seeds of the best ones back to the garden, where I threw them on the ground so that they might sprout and grow such marvellous fruit trees. Now, dreaming, I returned to this house that I had never bought in real life, which in the counter-reality of the dream belonged to me, but had since been surrounded by other houses that were almost touching the walls. This contradicts the

previous motif of the fruit seeds that I spit out or set down in the garden so that they would grow into trees, because if there was a garden around the house, no one else could build houses next to it, as densely packed as would be forbidden here, but possible in Asia – at least in the past. Yet it was a dream that knew no logic, that mixed up contradictory motives.

I only remembered this after waking up because they are harmless banalities that do not bind strong emotional forces and are less subject to repression from consciousness. For many dreams continued with social encounters that occur between men and girls, that have a sexual flavour, that are part of a sexual search, of learning and progressing in the flirtation game, which is why these parts of the dream fade very quickly after awakening in order to escape conscious perception: These are the taboo areas of our consciousness, which only emerge briefly from the sea of emotional currents beneath the rippling surface of conscious perception when we wake up during disturbed sleep. Down below the unconscious sea of the soul to unknown depths, above a flat land or a drifting ship of perception and rational reality under the mighty roof of the outside world, the universe. What rises from the deep ocean of the soul crumbles to dust at the touch of our questioning mind as in a dream twilight that ends the nightly experience like the twilight of the gods ends the work of the once mightiest gods.

Then I drove overland again, glad of every hill or small ridge that came between me and the city, the further I got away from the centre, where in the worst case scenario nuclear bombs could explode in a war. That too was a dream scene.

On another night, I was travelling again; impressions appeared and disappeared as blurred as smeared quantum paths, only weakly interacting wave functions of girls crossed my path or I met competitors from courtship and courting, known in English as flirting. When I woke up, I had already banished from my consciousness what had or had not happened with girls, what feedback I had received from

other male suitors. Only rarely did the wave field penetrate my perception as a visible particle, only to quickly disintegrate.

Then another conventional dream; with several lenses and a camera, I hiked through a mountain range with my parents, snapping unusual views and glimpses, and then quickly rushed to catch up with my parents who were walking on without stopping. We got into deeper terrain, bent off when I suddenly realised that I had left my camera or an important lens somewhere along the way while changing it for the shot. I quickly hurried back over the mountain ridges along the long path I had travelled, or what I thought was the path, but didn't see what I had lost anywhere, instead I saw lens caps carelessly thrown away by strangers. I got lost in the mountains, hardly knew the trail to my parents, who had moved on, when I turned round after a long search, half a day's walk in an unknown direction behind them.

22.10.2022

Today I was back at the meeting of the pick-up students. Unlike usual, this month the leader seemed to be of German descent for the first time, which meant that we were the only exceptions among the participants today. An Indian or Pakistani with a Muslim first name was a complete beginner and first had to learn to overcome his approach anxiety and to step up to girls. I have been doing that for many years, if not decades. If my first attempts were much more advanced than his, it turned around very quickly. Most girls talked to him nicely, nodded their heads, gesticulated with their hands and participated actively in the conversation. I've been trying to learn for decades, have put a lot of effort into it and attended an expensive two-week boot camp in the USA. Girls quickly turn me down; they hardly ever become as trusting as they do with foreign beginners who immigrate in droves as a surplus of men to secure our girls sexually. The disturbed epoch is completely incapable of recognising the problem and the absurdity of today's attitudes and politics. They can't think straight at all and don't notice anything.

Already when meeting at the World Clock, the clothing of the Muslim Indian or Pakistani was praised by the leader. His jumper were stylish, like Steve Jobs', as were his coat. Both looked old, worn and baggy to me, whereas I was wearing a new jumper with a nice colourful pattern from a fashion shop and expensive pinstripe trousers. My clothes were nitpicked for being out of fashion, they said I would look too nice in a jumper like grandma's favourite, which wouldn't go down well with girls, and the pinstripe trousers were old-fashioned. It turned out that the South Asian with a Muslim first name had inherited or taken over the jumper from his father and that it was at least 30 years old, as was his coat. My clothes are new. Nevertheless, he is praised for his fashion, I am scolded. The world is unfair and has completely distorted standards; especially in the left-wing scene, everything is interpreted the wrong way round. I have no idea about fashion, I just follow my intuition and what I think is good, beautiful or true. But I've been punished for this by brutal sexual rejection for decades.

The leader held lengthy conversations with several girls, including an instant date. He usually told girls the same standard opening line that is probably used thousands of times a day by pick-up users not only in Berlin, but all over the world:

-“Hey, I find you attractive! It may seem a bit ‘random’, but I didn't want to pass by because I like you, and let's see what you're like.”

Every one of the girls responded well to this rote, repetitive platitude, except the last one, who said she'd been approached ten times today and had no energy left. In this way, the expert regularly gets girls laid. I, on the other hand, try to approach every girl with a suitable idea, much more personalised and original. But I'm cruelly punished for this by regular sexual rejection. The pundit criticised my attempts like this:

-“You look like a black cherry! Cherry because your lips are painted cherry red, and black cherry because of your black clothes.”

-“Thank you.”

-“I like your smile.”

No answer.

“What do you do when you're not walking through the market with a smile?”

-“I have to go on now, visit friends.”

-“Friends or your boyfriend?”

-“A friend”

-“And what are you doing later?”

She was already walking on. -“I don't know yet.”

Maybe I should have tried E's trick:

-“Your friend texted me that she'll be late today. She told me to entertain you. Now we'll meet up, have a drink and chat.”

But I don't lack the courage to do this as much as I lack sufficient impact on girls to make such a line work at all. An attractive young man might be successful with it; I wouldn't stand a chance, I'd look like a ‘harasser’ at best.

P, the current leader, criticized: “I wouldn't say that. It sounds weird, strange.”

-“Why strange? Just because I'm more original than others? I'd find it abashing to tell girls the same flat, copied line that everyone uses. I'd find that weird. I'd probably turn red with embarrassment if I copied a phrase that's used every day. Still I get rebuffed with original ideas, whereas crude phrases are sexually successful. The world is unfair!”

-“The world is unfair. That's just the way it is. There's nothing you can do about it.” Unfortunately, he uttered the left-wing phrase: “The world is unfair – one person is a rich heir, the other has nothing.” Left-wing envy, which has been depriving well-educated men of empathy since 1968. He continued: “You have to adapt, try to learn what works. Always try new things until you find something that works for you.” and “But this line works. Only that matters.”

And so on, with every attempt I made. Nobody was treated as badly as I was. Once a woman looked me in the face. I took that as a good sign and went over. -“Hey” I tried to attract her attention, as I

had learnt from successful PuA, so that she would hear my opening. I kept my distance and stood up straight, as I had been taught to do in the meantime. Still she looked away as if in horror, stepping sideways to steer clear of me, even though I kept a distance of two metres from her, and her path did not cross mine. The master confirmed that this was an unusually blatant rejection. This rarely happens, even for no apparent reason. It happens to me more often.

Everywhere in the city you can see crowds of womanless men from the Orient and sub-Saharan Africa, as well as other continents, and other new arrivals already strutting with German girlfriends. Many are integrated shortly after their arrival here – native poets and thinkers may never be integrated their whole life long. The sexual injustice is flagrant, but a feminist society that is totally lacking in empathy towards white, heterosexual native men is completely incapable of recognising this and has no conceptual capacity whatsoever for the concerns of its own men. Only those for whom enough girls were born in their original homeland, not here, who should endeavour to have girls in their original homeland, build a common life and their country there, receive solidarity, sympathy and sexual access here, for which they are not entitled. Men born here, gifted and having a moral right, who have not learnt to sweet-talk feminist, empathy-impaired girls with physical stone age signals due to their intellectual development and education, receive no sympathy, no empathy, are excluded for the whole of their lives, cruelly rejected sexually and die out without biological autochthonous offspring.

The cruelty of the feminist, radical left-wing and green society is immense and unbelievable, but is neither recognised, understood nor even believed. It would be easier to teach a donkey to read than to make feminist contemporaries aware of the sexual cruelty they have inflicted on autochthonous men. They are unable to grasp and empathise. This is typical of dictatorships and ideological systems, whether communist, feminist or fascist, that scapegoat their victims to justify their treatment, unable to perceive and comprehend their cruelty towards their respective enemies (today incels and white,

heterosexual male losers). Psychologically, it is the same empathy disorder then as it is now, even if the consequences are different. We are not locked into camps today, but the empathy blockade towards male losers is just as total and absolute as it was then. In the public eye, incels are seen as dangerous threats, ridiculous figures with a tendency to become terrorists and right-wing radicals.

23.10.2022

In my dream, I was walking through streets, alone of course. I had just returned from a tour through mountains or islands that I had forgotten about when I woke up. Some men were walking around alone, others with girls.

–“I am the voice of male losers!” I shouted, “I am the first male loser who has managed to express himself in literature!”

But nobody listened. People walked past without paying attention to my shouts. Girls were like non-existent wherever I appeared. Their figures melted out of my surroundings.

–“Look, this is how it's done!” shouted the guru of a group. I can't remember whether it was a youth sect, a circus like the Indian masters of the 1960s to 1980s, some kind of baghwan or someone who teaches people to ‘fly’, a podcast maker, influencer or a coach who shows you how to do it properly in order to be successful.

“Look!” shouted the guru, “I have an event in this hall. Look how full of people it is already. I am a magnet! I am magnetic.”

I doubted that, because he was next to me, but the many people and girls did not flock to us, but to that hall, where they were densely packed waiting for their spiritual teacher to appear. In the meantime, the girls and people were so crowded and packed together that, like a crowded Asian underground train at peak times, it was no longer possible to get on, even though many people were pushing their way in. It seemed impossible. Even those who jumped in with force would be visibly rebound, bouncing off the densely packed crowd like oil sardines squeezed into a tin by an industrial pressure roller, held only by a bulging layer of metal, giving rise to the suspicion that the sardine tin might be spoilt, starting to ferment, which is why the air was pushing it outwards.

But the guru coach stood nonchalantly next to me. "Look, no problem at all! I'll still make it in."

At the top of the roof, a smart ass had climbed down and was sitting there alone. Oh you incel, what are you doing? A sliding door to the assembly was still slightly sideways. That's where the guru intended to sneak into his meeting. All the girls! They all came running because the guru was in fashion, they wanted to see him, to be with him. Men like Incel, who sat alone on his roof ridge, or I, on the other hand, were avoided by girls like the plague; none of them even came within shouting distance of us, since the sight of us was unbearable to them, as we were losers, branded and ridiculous and certainly our own fault! But what did this cunning man from the roof ridge do, who couldn't be a real incel because he was far too cunning? Oh! He cheated his way forward, slipped through the gap in the sliding door behind a curtain, which now began to protect the waiting assembly from outside eyes, so that no one who was not part of it would be able to see or hear the speech and performance of the girl magnet in front of his tightly packed followers. This roof climber had slipped in from the side like a master thief who climbs into a highly secured museum from the roof to steal the most expensive of all paintings without even raising the alarm, squeezing through the open gap behind the sliding door where the guru had wanted to get in to his giant harem of enthusiastic girls.

Full. Now nothing worked any more. The door closed with a crunch, because otherwise those present would have burst out under the pressure of the crowd in the room. Ashen-faced, the guru fell silent. His face paled. Someone had stolen his last seat, squeezed into the girls' harem in his place, was the cock of the walk, whereas he, the famous one, was as excluded as me, incel and all the other male losers. That was against the rules! He had brought them all here with his reputation, and now he stood outside disgraced like all the ordinary incels. What an embarrassment! But I felt the embarrassment myself, because I had always been an excluded loser since my youth.

Wild mountain streams with tiny rippling waves ran from the mountains through deep gorges, from which almost vertical clammy rock faces rose, to fertilise the earth of the valleys with their waters, whereupon life will sprout from the womb of the earth, which will feast on the light of the sun, grow, blossom and bear fruit that will ripen for us. What will I encounter in this confused dream, hopeless as a journey across the roof of the world to a literary presumed Shangri La, an idealisation of hope and longing for a better world that would be fairer and offer long life, where access to girls and procreation would not be blocked by a mentally cruel selection that spurns me but prefers hollow swanks? My dreams drag me through illusions, chimeras that are already fading while I dream of unattainable goals. Where is the promised high valley, closed off from the world by high mountain ranges like the lotusland of cockaigne by a high wall of millet porridge, through which one must eat one's way in order to enter that fabulous paradise of our forefathers, which, like most of their legends, their pagan beliefs and their accumulated life experience of countless generations and centuries, has been lost in the cultural revolution of their conversion to modern aberrations and ideologies?

Where is the Shangri La, for behind every pass that I laboriously cross, gasping for thin mountain air, like an eel or salmon leaping up over stone barriers into its native waters, from which it once emerged as a tiny glass eel, drifting down with the current across an estuary delta into the world ocean, where it grew up, only to return home fattened for the feast of fertilisation, to spawn in its birthplace, to beget life for the eternal cycle that it is?

Where are the girls who, untouched by all the errors of the past centuries, still live today in a state of morning light, as if they had emerged from ancient legends and fairy tales? Where are they, who grew up in an ancient culture without the madness that marks the strange depths of our world like an infectious disease? But how do I escape the soul plague of our time, which tends neither love, sex nor compassion for their own male losers, or do I carry their germs on me,

so that those to whom I try to escape become infected? I climb over emotionally scorched earth, step by step.

Then again, I have slipped deep into a crevasse of the past, in the midst of meaningless superficial encounters with strange figures that the stream of time washes past on my journey through life. Whoever wants to escape the modern plague of sexless, barren exclusion from the cycle of life, thrown into the big pot of rubbish instead of the little pot of girl-fucked winners, sorted out by foolish girls quarreling over the Stone Age Tarzan, maids who would prefer to flush the intellectually immersed ponderer and inventor down the toilet, Those who flee to this distant mountain range of our dreams in search of fabulous better castles of escape, are they capable of arriving there, if this fictitious Shangri La even existed, or do they carry the seeds of destruction with them into the better world they dream of?

Dreams, dreams, most of them forgotten before my consciousness emerged from the depths of the unconscious ocean to that bright horizon of conscious life, which is the dividing line between air and space above our heads and mental abysses that reach into unexplored deep-sea trenches, as unknown as the earliest galaxies of the universe, whose light reaches us today, although their sources have long since vanished from the accessible part of the world, torn away from us by the expanding space at more than the speed of light. Scraps of dreams roll through my brain that can no longer be put together into a dream story, if there ever was one, instead of confused scraps that flicker like lava flames in a seething volcano waiting to erupt, whereupon the world will once again be unable to understand how it could have erupted. World history repeats itself, lost in excesses, until wars break out that nobody understands, then are explained by pointing fingers at villains who were to blame for everything, without understanding what is going on in the deep unconscious sea of the world, why these wars and recriminations will repeat themselves, as long as cruel games are played with the souls of losers, forcing hot magma into volcanic roots, until at some point they erupt as a natural catastrophe and tear apart the plates that unwisely held them wedged.

23.10.2022

Berlin's public transport system is a permanent construction site, but not because something new is being built, but because the old one no longer works; on continents like Asia, construction is going on all the time because countries are jumping from a distant past into an equally distant future. Apart from me, there were only non-European men at the rail replacement bus stop, many Africans and Orientals from previous male mass migrations. There were also several African families with prams waiting next to Muslim families with children and veiled women. Women are clearly in the minority, a few light-skinned – but even these speak languages I don't recognise. Only one teenage girl could be from here, but she stood shyly at the edge of a group of oriental youngsters who coolly blew the nicotine fumes of their e-cigarettes into the wind and up my nose. This is a foreign country. The disappearing indigenous population is here only to pay for its own replacement and die out. A long roll of carpet lay across the bus because otherwise it wouldn't have fitted in. I sat between Africans, mostly male, and Orientals, also mostly male, and a few women of southern origin with lots of offspring, after stumbling over the wide and long carpet roll to a free seat. No local woman with offspring, unless it's chocolate offspring. The latest folly of self-abolition are African babies adopted by the last white couples.

I am like a last Mohican or Neanderthal man travelling through the former homeland of his extinct people, which will no longer exist after him and can never exist again. One or a few stray generations can bring entire peoples to extinction forever. By the time the twisted vision in their brains is cured, they have wiped themselves out through autochthonous non-procreation, childlessness or interbreeding. Genocide against themselves through sexual aberration. But this is not allowed to be said or even written in the furious propaganda of the ongoing cultural revolution, which indignantly forbids any criticism of sexual aberration. The collective madness of generations living today will not extinguish until the afflicted peoples have themselves extinguished. Other peoples who did not take part in the collective madness will then populate the world, but tribes and cultures of the pale faces

will no longer exist in the world, leaving only archaeologists and historians to puzzle over why the once so successful, industrious and capable culture and its supporting peoples could disappear so suddenly.

The babble of voices and staff on the S-Bahn are similar, although there were two light-skinned foreign-speaking men sitting on the other side of the aisle. I sat diagonally opposite a fashionable, somewhat sexy-looking girl. I felt a certain attraction, wanted to say something, but was still overwhelmed not only by the strangeness, but also by the avoidance of nicotine fumes, which had degraded me from a social person to an outsider who couldn't easily switch to superhero that a girl would take seriously. Although my intuition was working wonderfully, I saw the necklace with colourful jewellery beads that her mobile phone was holding, I didn't spontaneously say what came to me:

-‘That necklace on your phone looks like a strand of DNA in the nucleus of a cell.’

It was probably far too original again, factual, she wouldn't have understood it or thought I were weird. I've spent my life trying my best to please girls who just wanted a self-confident daft guy who was funny, because daft fucks well. Problematic things like brains are something fashionable girls don't want to deal with, and feminist girls are totally twisted, having turned their minds into a hysterical hate-hurricane against white, straight male losers. They are even worse than ‘normal’, chic and fashionable girls who don't hate me, but are simply terribly uninterested in me because I am nothing like a party king or a muscle stud, I am neither experienced nor skilful, but still have to learn – and that is exactly what women despise. They want men who have fallen from the sky as perfect dazzlers, they don't want to realise that even the perfect man must first be born as an infant, raised and trained, and must also learn how to deal with girls in order to be considered perfect one day. But native boys never get this chance unless they are very lucky to belong to the tiny minority that triggers female Stone Age instincts. Girls have become completely incapable of empathising with those who need to learn, never giving them a chance. Today's girls are cruel. But this is incomprehensible in a feminist society of selfish women.

I thought that my line about the DNA strand resembling her string of pearls would have failed. The day before, the pick-up group leader had explained to me that it seemed strange and comical when I used such selected openings related to her person. Although the girl, when she wasn't typing on her phone, wiping and looking at me intently, glanced my way a few times, I didn't dare to say my first sentence. After all, I had learnt that girls and fertile women stonewall, especially fierce, when they notice that you want to talk to them. You only have a chance at the first moment if you are quick and show that you have balls, according to flirting teachers. If you hesitate, you show weakness and get dumped. That's precisely what I used to do. I first wanted to feel her eyes to see if she was open to me. When I went there afterwards, I usually got a rejection, sometimes immediately, sometimes later, and even conversations that ensued led nowhere. They say that girls put up walls around themselves within seconds or fractions of a second when a strange man approaches them. Only at the first moment and with enough strength to break through is there a chance; however, he should not appear too violent so that she does not feel threatened.

Outside, dreary Berlin facades passed by: scrap houses with broken windows, windowless sides, crumbling walls. In the GDR, buildings were broken, but at least people weren't. Today, people are damaged, which is much worse. Long before the fall of the Wall, when I was a student, the most broken, freaked-out left-wing revolutionaries were drawn to West Berlin, where they raved about how 'progressive' it was. That's why I had a bad feeling. Göttingen, whose student scene was firmly in the hands of radical leftists and feminists, was already a nightmare that weighed heavily on my soul. But West Berlin was probably even worse. The broken buildings were covered in ugly daub, which some celebrated as 'graffiti', but here it was artless and looked just as broken as the buildings. It is not difficult to add to this a mostly accurate foreboding of broken figures, broken relationships with messed up relations of the sexes, sexual confusion, ideologically lost inmates with a tendency towards egotism, irresponsibility and radical

hysteria of all kinds, much worse than in the 1920s, which were already bad enough.

I couldn't get my head round these dark influences and lift my spirits enough to finally speak to the cute girl diagonally opposite. Every now and then I caught a glimpse. Soon I had to get off anyway. I also felt like I was being watched by groups of men who might imitate my attempt. It hurt me, but I stepped out as planned. I have no chance anyway, even less today than I did back then, or just as little.

On the way to Mauerpark, a good-looking girl just turned off. Unfortunately, it didn't fit. Then a girl, presumably with a phone, ran straight ahead without paying any attention to me, while I was distracted by a man in front of me who was carrying a silly advertising sign behind him over his rucksack. To stop her from running into me, I had to stop, and so did she. She looked at me as if it was my fault. An awkward situation like a flirting attempt with a clumsy, overly aggressive stop – but we were both distracted and didn't swerve in time. Not a good omen for today.

In front of me walked a handsome young woman in sexy stockings – not that I'm into that, but it's a signal that the woman cares about her erotic effect on men. That gives her a sexual flavour as a woman even if such clothes leave me cold. But she left quickly. A large crowd was flowing towards us, so it was difficult to catch up. I tried to make faster progress on the hard shoulder, but only caught up with her at a set of traffic lights just before the site, where she disappeared across the road.

I ate something at the flea market as I hadn't found time for lunch yet and was very hungry. I didn't speak to anyone. It seemed pointless. Dejected, bent, broken.

Later, halfway up the slope, I saw a fair-haired or blonde beauty in fashionable elegance and a sexy leg dress walking along the path. Actually, such well-groomed girls hardly fit into the chaos of the

Mauerpark. I went down, but she had already passed. All around me were groups of womanless Orientals, but now even more groups of womanless black Africans. As usual, couples were either older, or she was white, he was non-white, some with prams in which he proudly pushed his non-white child, while his emancipated white wife, who is too refined and emancipated to be a real mother, walked casually alongside the proud dad from distant continents. White boy, usually no girlfriend, and certainly no biological child. White man, no white girl, no child. We are the last Mohicans or the last Neanderthals, condemned to extinction in the male line by those who have twisted morality in such an Orwellian sense that sexual genosucide through autochthonous non-procreation has become the commandment of 'morality' and 'anti-racism', but any criticism of such sexual geno(sui)cide is rigorously suppressed by slandering it as 'fascist' and 'racist'. Note: If a white, heterosexual man wants to reproduce so that there will still be people like him in the future, then he is considered an evil 'racist'. Non-white peoples are not afflicted by such collective insanity and are not stupid enough to bring themselves to extinction, but are quite 'xenophobic' when necessary. But our disturbed generations of cultural revolutionaries do not protest against this.

I only caught up with the fashionably erotic girl in front of the big stage. Although I was several metres away, she avoided me and twice went in a different direction to me, so that I gave up trying to speak to her. She seemed to have deliberately prevented it by not even letting me get within talking distance. But she wasn't too fancy to stand in front of the big stage in the middle of a crowd of chaotic people.

-“You look like a sunflower in autumn,” I said to a blonde sitting at the bottom of the slope.

-“Thank you.”

She looked puzzled.

-“Your blonde hair makes you look like a sunflower because the petals are a similar colour.”

Now she seemed to understand. She said she was from Finland. Strange, like a week ago. So many from little Finland? She went on to say that she had studied here for a semester four years ago. Now she was back, but on holiday.

-“I like travelling too.”

However, my reports about travelling were not as well received as I had hoped. She was here with friends.

-“Your boyfriend or a friend?”

-“Friends. My boyfriend is in Finland. I have to write right now, they're at the flea market and want to come here soon.”

A girl was sitting alone in the meadow. I'm currently looking for girls who are alone, because it would usually be even more difficult with a group, even though I'm not afraid to approach them, as flirting teachers or beginners often assume. I just lack the hope that it could work out, bring a result. I walked up, but she was looking at her phone with such a stubborn expression on her face, which didn't seem attractive, not even girlish, that I lost the desire to speak to her. Another girl stood alone a little higher up and looked down into the valley. There she stood and stood. I walked on, came to stand slightly above her and to the side. She was still looking down. Should I go over and ask -‘Are you watching the scene or listening to the music?’ I didn't think it was a good enough question. I wouldn't get a proper answer; the conversation would be dead in a minute. What's more, she wasn't particularly beautiful, attractive or even sexy. I actually wanted to raise my standards. Well, now she's realised that I look at her from time to time, dither, now it's messed up.

The next time I went round, there was a dark-haired girl sitting in the middle of the meadow, drawing.

-“Oh, you're creative and you draw.”

I had to repeat that in English. I let her guess what kind of creative, artistic activity I do. Like so many, she guessed:

-“Painting?”

-“Oh, because of my beard?”

We talked about music. As she liked jazz, I told her about the jazz festival in Moers, where sounds like something out of this world were produced with wind instruments and no electronics, and then turned to my books after enquiring that she also listens to EDM. But I probably hadn't caught her interest. According to PuA English, there was no 'hook'. She sent me away by saying it had been nice talking to me, but she wanted to continue drawing.

Finally, I spotted one with blonde hair peeking out from under a black mixture of cap and hat at the top of the meadow. Dressed in black, but less elegant, more sceney, she wasn't my first choice, but I can't be picky. She was eating from a polystyrene container. I wanted to go over and say, 'Enjoy it', but I'm out of sync today and can't spontaneously act on every impulse. Too much failure weighs on me. She had already finished her meal and was still licking her fork. Now let's go!

-“That looks like a delicious meal,” I opened, “because you even licked your fork.”

Again I had to repeat in English and once more the young woman came from Scandinavia, Sweden. At first she looked me in the eye, later forwards as she spoke. She told me she was studying dancing.

-“What kind of music do you dance to?”

-“To almost anything. With modern dance, you can dance to almost any music.”

Now I asked her what her favourite music was so that I could switch to my books. I also paid her a compliment: her blonde locks of hair, glistening from under her black cap, were like yellow petals. Just as I was saying that I enjoy reading at festivals, a man came walking towards us and interrupted the conversation.

-“Are you OK with that?” he asked, “Or what's the situation here?”

She replied that she didn't understand German and that yes, she was OK. He then left again. I was flabbergasted and taken aback.

This is now the second time here in Berlin in a short time span that a man has interrupted and disturbed my attempt to talk to a girl.

On the previous occasion, the tattooist had listened attentively to his accusations that I had spoken to a girl in his circle of friends earlier, and once the conversation was ruined, I could only run away before the embarrassing situation escalated dangerously. It was said in the PU forum months ago that someone had already called the police because there was a 'shitty pick-up artist' who was chatting up women. As this was a flirting teacher with pupils and they were wearing microphones, the police, who quickly arrived, found both of them and arrested them. This is how quickly an attempt to learn how to be successful with girls can go wrong. Left-wing society prevents this from happening to locals with left-wing and feminist spitefulness: the total oppression of male losers and incels who are never allowed to learn to become winners.

These are the spiteful abysses of feminist society that I already experienced in the late 1970s and throughout the 1980s. Back then I was a student, completely inexperienced, intimidated and desperate, always trying, always failing. What did the filthy left-wing feminist activists in Göttingen do? They spread nasty rumours about me so that none of the left-wing and feminist-conscious students would get involved with me. I couldn't learn back then, never won a single girl, never had a girlfriend, never had sex back then. I was the prototype of an incel before the word was invented. I didn't have the slightest chance of learning it, and just a few years ago, when I travelled to Göttingen to attend an opera performance as part of the annual Handel Festival, I met a guy on the way from the station into town who turned his face into an ugly, mocking grin at the sight of me. Maybe they still laugh about me there today, the clumsy 'pick-up' who never managed to lay a girl, never had a chance to learn, and had such a bad reputation that he didn't exist as far as girls were concerned who didn't want to have anything to do with 'someone like that'.

The repressive left-wing and feminist scene had spread several rumours about me back then. One was that I'd be a 'snitch'. Such radicals usually have a spy hysteria. The other was that I was sexually 'superficial' because I tried to chat up girls every night at the disco.

Many did. Nobody took offence at those who were successful. They were just in demand. Girls liked them. Then they were allowed to talk to girls all the time, whose views were seen as the standard for everything. One Latino had brought his art of salsa dancing with him from South America; perhaps it was simply culturally in his blood.

In any case, he seduced a different girl almost every night at the salsa dance and rarely had to go home alone without needing a girlfriend. Macho, self-confident, funny and experienced in dancing went down well, just like with another guy who sang left-wing, revolutionary songs, often by the murderer Che Guevarra, in a raspy voice, which usually made left-wing female students melt away. I was then allowed to listen to the feminist tirades of a girl who rejected me sexually because I was only suitable as a social dialogue partner, but not as a boyfriend or sex partner for an adventure; it was out of the question to think about sex with me, I was simply not the type for it. But men from other continents came into consideration, and so she grumbled to me about 'the men' and 'bad chauvis' because the salsa latino she had willingly followed home and into bed after an evening of dancing, even though she hadn't known him before, had predictably and justifiably categorised her as a 'one-night-stand' and left her again the morning after the night of sex love.

Now she was angry with men, even though it was her own bad choice to go to bed with the obvious seducer who had a different sex partner almost every day because most girls found him cute and irresistible. She had chosen him and should have known what she was choosing. It could hardly have been more obvious. But in feminist society, women never take responsibility for their own actions. It's not their fault, not their poor sexual choices, with which they cruelly reject most men, just as she had rejected me, and condemn them to a life without love, sex and procreation. For this, they should be brought before a heavenly judgement to condemn them for their bad deeds for all eternity. But no, they feel victimised after rejecting incels and losers like me, thrown into misery, while shagging notorious seducers, what I'm sure was pleasurable for both of them, and being stupid

enough not to know what was going to come out of it beforehand. This dysfunctional generation of feminist women is cruel to most men, and I, the incel she rejected, had to listen to her rant about men as a mockery. The fact that it had been a very bad choice for her, as it had been for me, to reject me but fuck the hollow seducer didn't occur to this typical dumb university feminist.

Successful charmers are allowed to approach many women; girls just crave for such a cute guy to come up to them to snack on them and then leave. But I did it out of necessity, because I was unsuccessful and wanted to learn. But women – and leftist, feminist woke society – hate white, heterosexual male losers who need it, who are unsuccessful, who want to learn. A man must fall from the sky as a ready-made master seducer, otherwise he will be finished off. Girls don't give him a chance to learn. They consider themselves to be too good and above for it. Feminists and left-wing radicals are the worst, most intolerant and hysterical haters of all.

Not only Putin, Hitler and Mussolini were senselessly cruel with their stupid wars – feminists and left-wing or green cultural revolutionaries are at least as twisted and empathically disturbed, only in a different way, with diverse methods. If it is reported, nobody wants to know, and it is precisely this looking away, this ignorance, that is part of the mental cruelty that I deplore and denounce.

This salsa dancer was from Latin America, which I ignored at the time as a student, still naive and 'politically correct', although he was by no means an isolated case, but part of a typical pattern that I didn't recognise earlier because it was unthinkable or taboo to notice it according to our upbringing and political morals. Even back then, recognising the facts would have been considered offensive and 'right-wing radical' in left-wing circles. Pino with the signal trumpet, the Spanish revolutionary who regularly went shoplifting at Aldi in his winter coat, and the Latino with his revolutionary songs also lived according to a similar pattern. In those days it was often Latinos from revolutio-

nary countries; later Muslim Orientals came into fashion, then black Africans.

A decade earlier, I, aged sixteen at the most and still a pupil at sixth form, had experienced something similar on a school trip to Cologne, again without realising the connection. It had nothing to do with intelligence or sensitivity, but with political taboos that had already been instilled in us at the time. On that school trip to Cologne, around 1972 or 1973, black African musicians and drummers could already be seen in the city centre. I accompanied a girl who wasn't from our class to a discotheque that she recommended and wanted to visit. It was the first time in my life that I went out with a girl, and probably the last time – it never happened again later. I got my hopes up and tried to dance with her, but I was completely inexperienced, shy and awkward. It was a discotheque, as had become fashionable in the late 1960s, but run by black Africans, who already formed a small community at the time. Their music was as unfamiliar to me as their way of dancing to it, but I would have been a beginner to Western music. Our conversation ebbed away; she visibly lost interest in me, even when dancing, which she preferred to do with young black Africans, with whom she chatted and danced more and more intensively over the course of the evening, forgetting all about me.

In the 1980s, as I described in “Contemporary Witness: Journey to the South”, it was a Jamaican who physically seduced a girl I had been chatting to for a few days when we met on the streets of Ibiza. I just remembered that she had once even asked me if I would take ‘porn’ pictures with my (large) camera, which was still analogue at the time. Anyway, as in a story by children's author Karl May, she became a new moon after the Jamaican greeted her in front of me, interrupted our conversation, grabbed her knee and gave her a hip thrust. She moved off with him. I thought the usual thing, namely that this happens to me all the time anyway. On the same trip, an Arab man had invited three French students and was entertaining guests, including me. He was making out with one of the three French girls. I had become a bit more self-confident and sat down next to the other two

French students. When I started a conversation with them, he intervened and forbade me to talk to the two girls who were his guests or acquaintances. This seemed like a social possession that he was claiming. After all, I made a note in my travel diary at the first flicker of a vague idea that this chap regarded the division ‘three girls for him – none for me’ as his kind of justice. I was annoyed about this, once again thwarted after many years of endeavouring to make a breakthrough.

At the time, I saw such experiences as just one more personal defeat of many, as I experienced them all the time because, for some unknown reason, other boys and men are more interesting to girls. That's exactly how I interpreted it as a student in the 1980s. It wasn't until much later, after I had seen feminist students go out with men from all over the world again and again, but was antagonised, and read and heard about their fight against and hatred of ‘white heterosexual men’ (old or German at worst) in their writings and rants around uni, that I began to recognise this additional cause of their contempt: Not only did they lack any compassion, any remnant of regard and respect for educated, highly sensitive but inexperienced and shy boys of bourgeois circles, against whom wealthy representatives of the ‘proletarian class struggle’ only felt contempt, mistrust and hostility anyway, but it had an additional component that they specifically fought white and heterosexual men as an enemy image and didn't want them in bed unless they were very cute and attractive – but in practice this meant that white, heterosexual loser types never got a chance to gain experience and work their way up from loser to heartthrob. Their fate was sealed. They would never be able to learn for the rest of their lives.

The girl with the cap asked me after the man had left what I had been about to say. However, the chat had run out of steam. I'm not claiming that the talk went well because she didn't look at me more often when she spoke, but now it was ruined. Before I had a chance to mention my books, to pull them out of my rucksack as an emergency joker, I was bid farewell by her with the widespread -“Have a nice evening”. Her farewell put a stop to my plan.

Epilogue

Murky the foggy moon approaches, covering the fruit-bearing soil and shrouding it with the clammy veil of a tired year until winter silently raises its icy sceptre. Cold rigour will spread. Defoliated tree skeletons rise from the clammy meadows, leafgreenless ruins that no longer give us breath when the sun shines on them, covered in rough frost like the blades of grass. The legends of a wild hunt that was once sighted on rough nights, when harsh frost turns even breath into clouds of smoke, have long since faded. Ravens have flown from the shoulders of twilight gods into winter-empty seed furrows. Their cawing announces wisdom that no wise man understands any more.

The inhabitants of the realms are disenchanting; no spell reaches them anymore to draw their souls into natural paths interpreted as magical. Giants, Aesir and Wanen are extinct, the relations between men and girls have disappeared. Like gods and life forms, the sexes also disintegrated in the twilight of stray illusions. Stop! Switch off, we have moved into forbidden territory! For thoughts are no longer free. Thoughts must be 'progressive', and what counts as such is decided by those who have alienated themselves from their nature. Haze, shroud what we are not supposed to see!

Further Reading

Weitere originelle Bücher aus dem literarischen Untergrund:

John C. Mileahed, „Das Leben als Reise“ über die psychedelische Szene

John C. Mileahed, „Indian Spirit“

John C. Mileahed, „Ozora – ein Scheitern“

Jan Deichmohle, „Die Kiwi-Partybus-Erfahrung. Eine Groteske“

Jan Deichmohle, „Bali – bezaubernde Insel“

Jan Deichmohle, „Bilderbuch Madagaskar: Bilder, Buch, Madagaskar“ Ein Kontrastprogramm für Augen, Sinne und Hirn

Jan Deichmohle, „Das Buch der Festivals“

Rock-, Folk-, Jazz- und Goafestivals geben sich in Wort und Bild die Ehre

Jan Deichmohle, „Warum Festivals auf Dauer anöden“

Von Goafestivals zu Barockfestspielen, mit philosophischen Überlegungen zu Kontrapunkt und Gesellschaftsentwicklung

Jan Deichmohle, „Die Unterdrückung der Männer“

Jan Deichmohle, „Beziehungsentzug“, über männliche Verlierer

Jan Deichmohle, „Leben in der Hölle“, Band 4 der Reihe „Weibliche Wahlmacht“ Literatur, Erzählungen.

Jan Deichmohle, „Abgewimmelt“

Ein Buch, das aus der Reihe tanzt. Eine Leseerfahrung.

Jan Deichmohle, „Zeitzeuge: Reise nach Süden“ Ein aufwühlender Reise- und Lebensroman

Jan Deichmohle, „Klimaangst und anderer Unfug“, politisch inkorrekte Kapitel

Jan Deichmohle, „Flirtlehre“, Wie urzeitliche Instinkte beim Flirt in die Irre leiten

Bezugsquellen für originelle Bücher finden sich auf: www.quellwerk.com